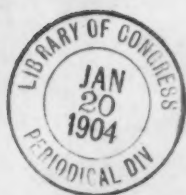


# Collier's

JANUARY

23, 1904



VOLUME XXXII : NUMBER 17 : PRICE 10 CENTS



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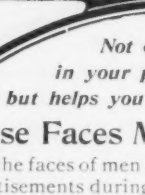
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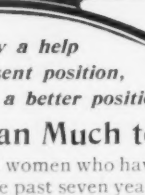
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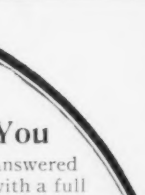
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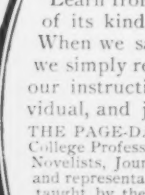
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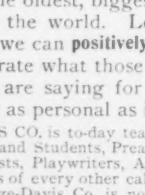
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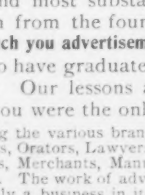
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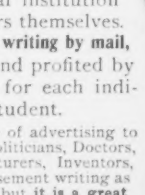
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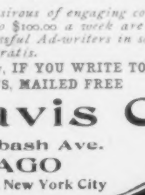
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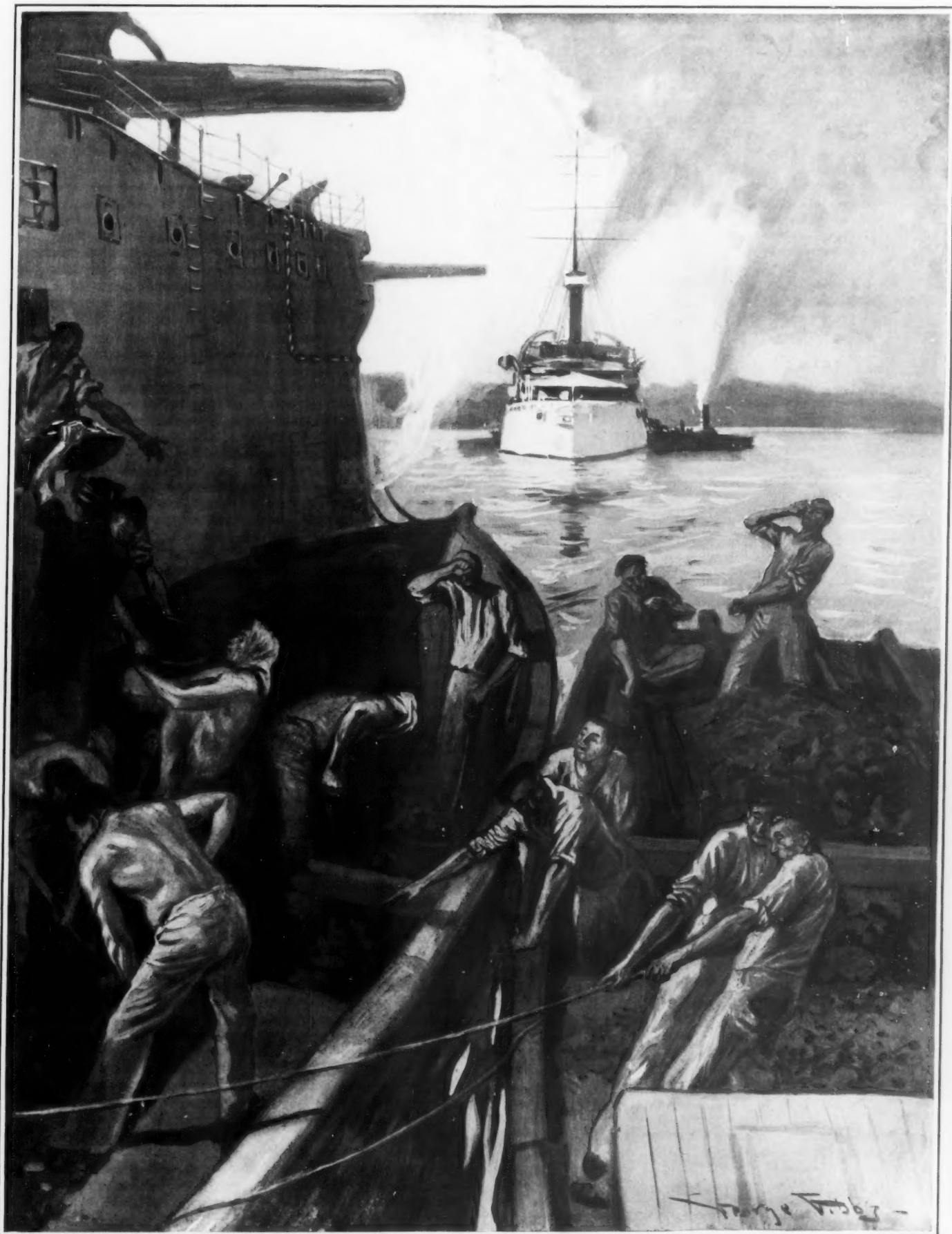
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

## WAITING FOR ORDERS

JAPANESE WARSHIPS COALING IN THE HARBOR OF NAGASAKI



**M**R. BRYAN COMES BACK with humor, reason, and elasticity in his tone. The results of hospitality, appreciation, and good company were never more apparent. The English educated classes have a way of making a visitor who interests them expansive in his view of life. A fellow-passenger of his on the *Celtic* is quoted as admiring the philosopher's ability to make speeches in the full experience of being seasick: "I never voted for Mr. BRYAN," he said, "but I would put down a small bet that he could stampede a convention in an aquarium if he repeated that last seasick speech of his to the fishes of the deep sea." In jokes about his propensities Mr. Bryan himself has joined, and the same urbanity has been shown in more serious expressions. What an illumination is indicated by this manner of speaking of his enthusiastic reception abroad: "They acted as though they didn't know I was a Democrat or didn't care. I was afraid that if I wasn't elected in 1896 the Republicans would find difficulty in getting suitable men to send abroad, but I came back home relieved of that fear." How much pleasanter it was for Mr. CHOATE to welcome Mr. BRYAN as an important and attractive American, instead of clinging stupidly to the exaggerated distinctions of party prejudice. After all, we are human beings first, Americans after, and Republicans or Democrats last of all. As Mr. BRYAN said also, in this new liberality which has come upon him, "I never want to see my party gain any advantage that is not based upon the permanent good of the country and the permanent welfare of the people." When Mr. BRYAN, who used to speak of the enemy's country, now declares that there is to be no East and no West, no North and no South, and when the Democrats choose such a man as Mr. WILLIAMS for their leader in the House, American politics are becoming more emancipated and more generous.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S RETURN

**T**WO HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR have passed away, both of whom bore arms on the Confederate side; and both have been as cordially appreciated North as South, General LONGSTREET even more so, perhaps, as in the South a certain coldness persists toward him because of his disagreement with the idol of the Confederacy and also because of his promptness in reconstruction. General GORDON published his memoirs, a few weeks before his death, and in the preface he breathed a hope that the spirit and the substance of his narrative might tend "to lift to a higher plane the estimate placed by victors and vanquished upon their countrymen of the opposing section, and thus strengthen the sentiment of intersectional fraternity which is essential to complete national unity." General GORDON has done his part to reach that end.

LONGSTREET AND GORDON

His appreciation of GRANT and LINCOLN was almost as ardent as his appreciation of LEE, and his mind was full of the knowledge that both sides fought and died from convictions and emotions equally strong and exalted. It was with particular zest that he described incidents of good feeling between the antagonists, as individuals or as armies, and he saw, as he expresses it, in every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg a contribution to American manhood and a future defence to American freedom. That General GRANT and ABRAHAM LINCOLN were so sympathetic with the South, that General LEE was the man without bitterness that he was, that now, when two Southern generals pass off into history almost together, the North cries such a heartfelt farewell, are all isolated instances of one great truth, the existence of a unity, a nationality, in which all differences and disputes are merged, leaving the old words standing—now and forever, one and inseparable.

**T**HE NEED OF A MINORITY, in good fighting trim, formidable and watchful, is a tradition of political thinkers, repeated many times a week, at least since the days of BURKE. Doubtless the doctrine contains its fair amount of strength, but how does it appear to-day? England offers an illuminating example of a party long intrenched, with scarcely the conceivability of defeat. What is the result? The most persistent discontent in the British Empire, the most conspicuous failure of English government, has at last been removed. The party which so long opposed mercy to Ireland, and trusted entirely to the iron hand, finally became the beneficent ruler, and, strong enough to abandon pugnacious feelings, looked with a milder eye on England's weaker partner. It regarded the Irish then as men and neighbors. Unfrightened power sometimes brings magnanimity, as well as the corruption which it is supposed to engender. Turning to this country, not in many years has the Republican party felt so safely intrenched as during the present Administration, and yet we do not

POINTS IN PARTY GOVERNMENT

believe that, since it undertook the steady responsibilities of peace in 1865, it has ever, on the whole, shown a better record. A President is usually supposed to act more bravely in his second term, having no consequences to fear. Mr. ROOSEVELT's confidence in his nomination and election has probably increased his courage for better deeds than he would have performed in a closer situation. Philadelphia's unrivaled corruption in municipal government is sometimes attributed to the extreme predominance of one party, but not long ago almost equal corruption in New York was attributed to the habit of deals between two parties. The State government of Massachusetts or Vermont is not inferior to that of Maryland or Indiana. We are not questioning the value of strength in opposition, for such advantages exist, but we must remember that partisanship is made more intense by equal chances, and from partisan intensity many evils flow. Disinterested men possibly find it as easy to secure place and hearing when the political complexion of their neighborhood is politically settled as they do when office is the reward of energetic and hopeful warfare. Secure power sometimes takes a longer and broader view than is taken by power which trembles in the balance.

**A**RBITRATION IS INCONVENIENT, it has been plausibly maintained, when two countries are disputing about something which belongs to a third. It would be amusing, nevertheless, to see The Hague tribunal in the thralls of ethical discussion about the relative gobbling rights of Russia and Japan in Manchuria and Korea. Some organs of refined opinion are urging arbitration in the Far East, but ordinary sense is content to laugh at the conception of asking a body of men to decide which of two hungry opponents has the greater right to feed upon the property of a third. It is a situation where the word "right" is used to obscure thought. "Need" is a more exact word, and The Hague tribunal can hardly pass upon the degree to which either Japan or Russia needs slices of China or Korea. This is for their political doctors to decide, not their confessors. However refined their diplomatic manners, their meaning is that each wants the same space. The situation reminds a Washington contemporary of the story of the little boy who, sitting with his little sister on a very short bench, deferentially observed: "I think there would be more room on this bench for me, Mary, if one of us was to get off." Such familiar humor really goes to the heart of these mighty arguments about right and wrong. London *Judy* treats the question as one of Russian internal conditions, under the now popular caption of "Little Mary." Jappy speaks to John Bull: "You no likee see me gobblee upee?" Bull reassures him: "Don't you worry. He no gobblee very muchee. He not feeling very well inside." Such unheroic similes take the fog away from diplomacy and make the picture without unnatural coloring. The Eastern situation is too near to primeval need and instinct to come within the refinements of the admirable machinery which man has lately created for preventing combats over issues which are of small importance.

LIMITS OF ARBITRATION

**M**R. ROOT'S SUCCESS has many analogies in American history, in which men have frequently done well in careers for which their preparation was not special. There is a general as well as a particular preparation for politics and diplomacy, and a man like Mr. ROOT, of great natural ability, who has long conducted important law business, connected with large business enterprises, has learned the things which the executive and the statesman need to know. Mr. ROOT, in addition, has taken enough interest in local politics to add to his knowledge in detail. In this country, law and business are so connected with politics that a prominent corporation lawyer is usually essentially an astute politician. Indeed, the test of success in the most lucrative branches of legal practice is ability in handling men as much as knowledge of the law. Secretary STANTON was a lawyer. But in those days the training which law meant was much less varied. Mr. ROOT, by his behavior as Secretary of War, has filled the judging classes, the leaders of opinion, with wonder and admiration at his ability. It would be interesting to know what, also, Lord ALVERSTONE and the Canadian Commissioners think of him. Our method, of selecting for high posts men who have proved their gifts in private life, has advantages over the English method of long training for a given end. Mr. ROOT's fame has not worked itself all over the country, among all kinds of people, but it is of the sort of which "dark horses" are often made. Men who have weighed his work think he would make a good Mayor, a good Governor, a good President. He is not a candidate for anything. Suppose, however, that some man like Mr. HANNA were able, circumstances favoring, to divide the delegations sufficiently to pre-

THE POSITION OF MR. ROOT





vent Mr. ROOSEVELT's nomination, improbable in the present circumstances, but, in case of accident, not inconceivable. Opponents of the President have much more hope of that than of Mr. HANNA's nomination. Once reach that position, and your dark horse begins to show his speed. Among Republican dark horses the most formidable might well be the brilliant Secretary of War.

A PRIVATE CITIZEN, of moderate income, concerned in affairs of importance at least to him, was hurrying North, a fortnight or so ago, due in New York on Sunday afternoon. Unexpectedly the express on which he was traveling from Florida was switched on to a sidetrack, where it remained an hour and a half. What was the reason? Surely it ought to be a good one, for the consequences were severe. Connections were missed all along the line, and our friend did not reach New York until Monday. He was but one of many whose arrival at their business or their homes was thus grossly postponed. With all the many connections through the South, thousands must have suffered. Moreover, the express carried the mails, to such an extent that the greater part of it seemed to consist of mail cars. Who can measure the possible consequences

THE PUBLIC  
BE DAMNED

of holding up these letters, not to speak of the awful majesty of Uncle Sam? The train had been on time. Everything was all right. Suddenly the word came to step aside. It was reported, we hope inaccurately, that the reason was the desire of a member of a certain family to pass. He was going South, for his pleasure, and the train was stopped for his convenience. Had his wife or child been sick, perhaps not a single passenger would have protested, but was his whim, his mere trivial convenience, worth the serious losses and discomforts of hosts of common men? He is a member of the same family which boasts the young man who recalled a train a few months ago, for himself also, with the result that suits are now pending against the railway for the damages inflicted on the passengers. It is the family which is connected in the public mind with the historic declaration which we have used as caption to this paragraph. It is a comprehensible doctrine, but we feel rather sad about it.

JOHN D., JR., was talking to his class about their duty to increase the public morality, when one bold youngster asked the Christian teacher about the ethics of swearing off personal taxes, and having several residences in different States to aid in this fraud upon the Government. "That," said the apostle, "is a matter for each man's private conscience." Our preacher's personal assessment was reduced this year from \$500,000 to \$150,000. Reducing taxation is usually a matter, not of mere choice or request, but of solemn statement under oath; and of course what a man chooses to declare, upon an oath which contains an appeal to what Mr. ROCKEFELLER deems most sacred, is entirely a matter of his private conscience. Perhaps it would be better to give another boost to the price of oil, and have plenty of money for a more liberal valuation of one's property. "I can tolerate the lone highwayman," writes one of our correspondents,

ONE'S OWN  
CONSCIENCE

"who, after rifling the pockets of his victims, lets them go," and he wishes to know, with some show of reason, if the ROCKEFELLER family will ever have enough to let the public go, instead of continuing to wring pennies from the poor with eyes lifted upward and words of holy exhortation. "Another advance," our correspondent proceeds, "said the coal-oil man, who fills our five-gallon can for one dollar and fifteen cents." "Well, what can we do about it?" "Grin and bear it." The coal-oil man was right. And yet we are not sure it would not be better to keep oil even a hundred per cent above the necessary price than to drive a sensitive religious conscience to such extremities that it would under oath mislead the officers of the law about the exact value of property to be taxed.

IN AN AGE OF TRADE, when commerce determines education, diplomacy, war, and peace, it seems inevitable that anything so directly influencing trade as the consular service should be put on the most effective possible basis. In the use of this weapon, however, the United States is inferior to all of her principal rivals. Our consuls are temporary, accidental, chosen for the details of party expediency. In other countries they are permanent and chosen more often than with us for their influence on commerce—their trade connections, for instance, or their knowledge of foreign languages. Germany leads all other countries in her consular service. Her representatives are better prepared than those of England, to say nothing of our own. They have one great advantage over the

British in having no quasi-aristocratic flavor, but on the contrary nearly always a mercantile origin. Take Brazil for an illustration. England has twenty-two representatives, Germany twenty-two, France twenty-four, the United States five. In Siam, Great Britain has three, one drawing three thousand dollars a year, another four thousand. We have one, with a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. In a country like Abyssinia, with four millions of inhabitants, we have no representative, and thus are handicapped in the progress of our trade, as we are in most undeveloped countries. There has been a good deal of talk abroad to the effect that American merchants do not understand the conquest of foreign markets as well as the French and Germans, but make only what gains natural circumstances force upon them. Certainly the influence on their knowledge of foreign needs and opportunities would be enormously increased by a permanent consular service, non-partisan, with a knowledge of business and foreign languages and customs as a basis.

CONSULS  
AND TRADE

THE RIGHT OF AN AUTHOR to his property forever, instead of for a definitely limited time, seems unlikely to be established, and yet there is so much to be said in favor of perpetual copyright that the absence of any strong movement in its favor is surprising. A CARNEGIE or a BARING makes his money during his lifetime. He can do with it as he pleases. It can all go to his children, or to libraries, as he prefers. With a MEREDITH or a TENNYSON the case is sadly different. Their money does not come in during their lives, but is spread out over many decades, and they are not allowed to dispose of it as they choose. Consequently children of DICKENS and of THACKERAY live in poverty, when a righteous copyright law would have made them wealthy. Perpetual copyright would put a successful author on pecuniary equality with a lawyer or a banker. The more excellent his work, and the more it is fitted for survival, the more he is defrauded by our present system. If a man could look forward to having the income of a book in his family, there would be less temptation to write only for the present and the immediate future, and hence there would be an encouragement to better work. There would be no loss to the public, to speak of, for if a book were really so valuable that cheap editions of it would be of general benefit such editions would always be easily provided. Think how it would rearrange values in the world to grant a right which would make some new GOETHE or SHAKESPEARE the equal of a trust magnate or a plumber. This would be justice, and an encouragement to lasting work. But before perpetual copyright can become an actuality it must be recognized that a good book is a thing of perpetual value, like an iron bridge or a public park.

OWNERSHIP  
IN BOOKS

THE EVILS OF DIVORCE in our day are as nothing compared to what they were in Rome. Then the institution existed for the convenience of the men. Now it is defended mainly for the protection it gives to women, who form a large majority of the petitioners. To-day the story of JULIUS CÆSAR and his wife raises sympathy with the lady and ridicule for the husband. CÆSAR is not supposed by his fervidest admirers to have been an anchorite, and he divorced his wife not because she was proved guilty of any wrong, but because he wished her to be above suspicion. If the veracity of this tradition be disputed it is known at least that it represents what were then the ideals of Rome. Such a magniloquent assertion, made in our day, as that "Snook's wife must be above suspicion," would arouse a merry howl of laughter. The men had the upper hand in those days, and they used it to their own advantage. The relegation of war to a subordinate place in human affairs made possible the still unfinished advance in the fair treatment of women. If hand-to-hand fighting were still the most important business of existence, these measureless inequalities between the sexes would still be seen. One of the most assured victories of modern over ancient times is in this fairness to the physically weaker half of man. "If I had my choice of all the ages," Mr. BRYAN well said, on landing from his European trip, "I would rather live now than to have lived at any other period of the world's history. Never was there such opportunity of service to one's fellows; never was there a time when the victories of peace were so great as now. I am glad to live in an age when a man does not have to fight in a battle to prove that he is a patriot," and, we might add, in an age when justice and sympathy are less dependent than ever before upon physical strength. The former way of regarding woman, however sophistically defended, was in origin the direct result of the reign of muscle in the world, and now for the first time is CÆSAR'S wife CÆSAR'S equal.

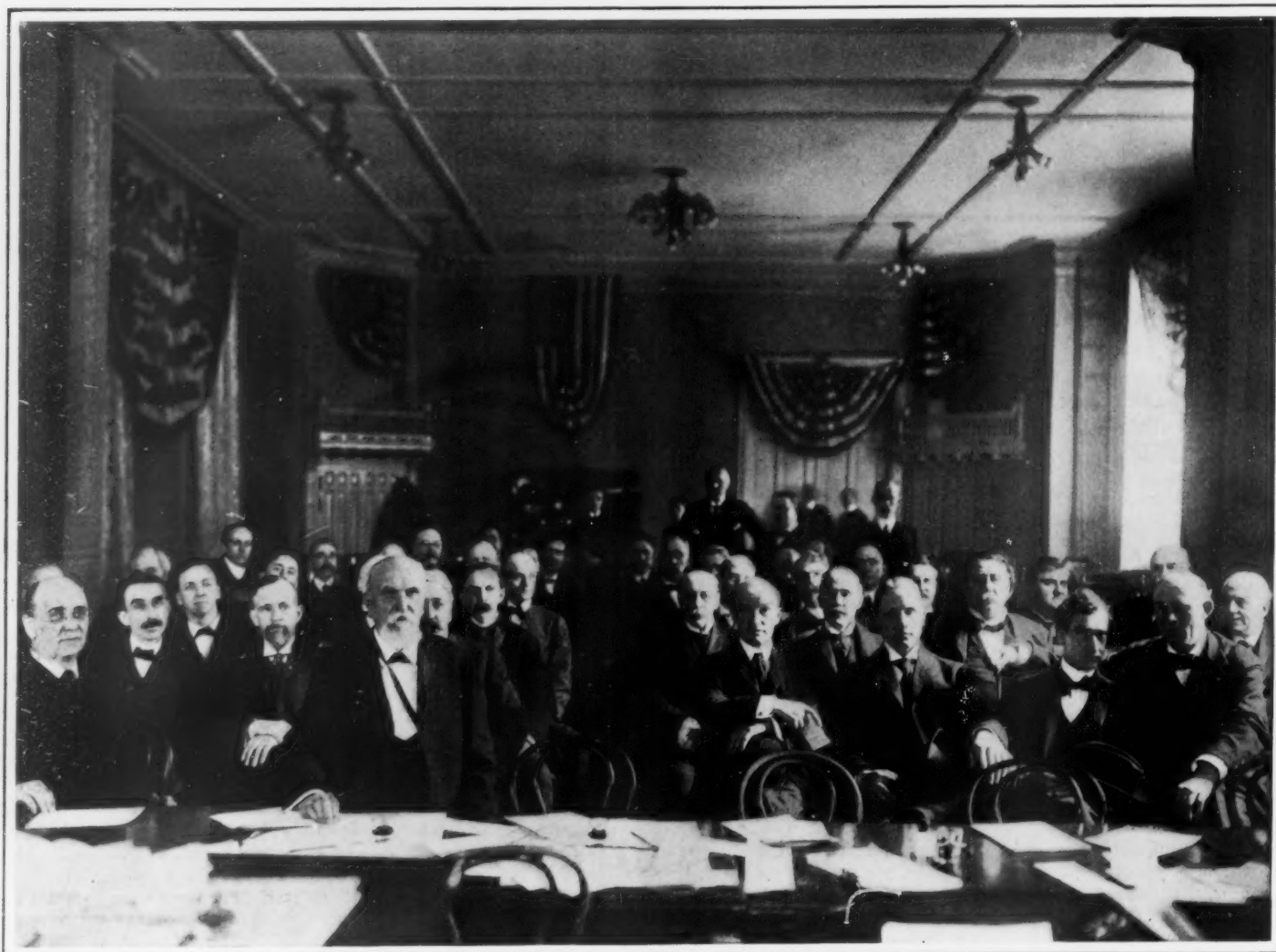
CÆSAR AND  
HIS WIFE

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#### ELIHU ROOT, RETIRING SECRETARY OF WAR, AND HIS ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS

Seated at the Secretary's right is Lieut.-Gen. Young, late Chief of the General Staff; on the other side is Assistant Secretary of War Robert S. Oliver, and next to him Lieut.-Gen. Chaffee, the new Chief of the General Staff. Standing in the rear (from left to right in the picture) are Brigadier-Generals Tasker H. Bliss, G. H. Burton, F. C. Ainsworth, William Crozier, John F. Weston, Alfred E. Bates, A. W. Greely, G. L. Gillespie, George B. Davis, Surgeon-General O'Reilly, Colonel C. R. Edwards, Brigadier-General C. F. Humphrey, Colonels T. W. Symons and W. P. Hall, and Brigadier-General Wallace Randolph. These officers have been prominent in carrying out the reforms initiated by Secretary Root



Senator J. K. Jones, Chairman

#### THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

At the recent meeting in the city of Washington it was decided to hold the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis on July 6





# SEVEN DAYS

THE STORY OF THE WEEK



## THE AUTOMOBILE IN WARFARE

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. W. GREELY, Chief Signal Officer, U.S.A.



IT WAS a dictum of the great military organizer, von Moltke, that the matter of the science of war levies tribute on all other sciences. More and more it became evident that in this century successful warfare must very largely depend on the assimilation of scientific inventions and their timely and practical adaptation to military uses. Yet most armies are slow to measure the scope and import of great industrial advances, especially if the invention pertains not to arms and ammunition. The automobile is an excellent example of the sort. Despite its importance and the

dictum that "an army moves on its belly," the subject of mechanical traction has but slowly commended itself to military authorities. Indeed Colonel Layris, of the German Army, in his late work on this subject, says that mechanical traction has been viewed by most military authorities with indifference, and indeed almost with contempt. In this connection he mentions the officers of the German Artillery, almost at their wits' ends to mount heavy guns in a most difficult position, who declined the proffered aid of traction engines from a civilian at the cost of some twenty days of exhausting labors on their men, and with a corresponding delay in military operations.

In America, the necessity of mechanical traction is not urgent from a military standpoint, but in Europe it is one of the problems of the day. The obvious necessity of Great Britain, in drawing on the United States for its draught animals for the Boer War, is only one of many indications of the waning European supply. For several years Italy has been barely able to gather sufficient animals for mobilization, despite the lowering to four years of the age limit of animals subject to requisition. In France, the gradual decrease in the number of draught animals is nearing the point of embarrassment for war contingencies. Most military authorities believe that this new form of transportation will play a very important part in future warfare. The change of animal for mechanical traction on tramways in and near the great cities and the extraordinary extension of such railways into rural districts have materially affected the supply.

### *Automobiles are Not New in War*

Disregarding motor bicycles, the application of automobilism, or mechanical traction, to military uses has been along three lines: freight, passenger, and express. The moving of heavy freight by traction engines is not new for foreign armies. In 1854, 1870, and from 1873 to 1883, experiments were made and engines used, in peace and in war, by the armies of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France, and Russia.

Originally devised for road-making, plowing, harvest-

ing, etc., steam motors were first applied to military uses by Great Britain in the Crimean War, in 1854. An engine equipped with endless rails moved artillery and heavy ammunition from Balaklava over roads impassable for other vehicles.

In 1870, in addition to its magnificent management of railways and utilization of permanent telegraphs, Germany tried automobilism (plowing engines), which was most serviceable when animals failed during the invasion. Von der Goltz tells us that two traction engines moved six loaded military wagons thirty miles in two and a half days. Their greatest service was the transportation of a railway locomotive around a broken tunnel. Similarly, Russia found such engines most valuable in the Plevna campaign and siege. But the invention was not sufficiently developed to merit permanent adoption, and imperfect machinery, breakdowns, etc., marked the first period of military use.

### *Eight Thousand Traction Engines Used in England*

The grand manoeuvres in France and Germany especially developed the need of supplementary transportation to that of rail, and the marked advances in mechanical devices applicable to automobilism brought it forward a few years since.

With improved devices the traction engine became so serviceable that in 1894 there were eight thousand in use in Great Britain. It was therefore natural that traction engines should be employed in South Africa during the Boer War. Not only did they prove of great value for transportation, but they were useful for constructing temporary defences, as their attached deep trenching plows threw up at once intrench-

ments thirty inches high and twenty-four inches wide. Coincident with advances in mechanical methods there have developed new types. The express or private automobile most engages public attention, but for military purposes it is far inferior to the freight machine which, in the shape of van or omnibus, will carry from eight to ten persons, or loads of several tons' weight, at a moderately rapid speed.

Germany and France have in late years given special attention to automobilism in their annual military manoeuvres. Probably the experiences of the German imperial manoeuvres of 1901 offer a fair indication of the applicability of this new method of military transportation. The machines were of three different types: express, freight, and traction. There were twelve express automobiles from five different manufacturers, all German, using as fuel either benzine or petroleum. The machines could travel from twenty-five to forty miles per hour, and the greatest distance made in a single day was about two hundred miles. One large covered automobile, besides having accommodations for map-reading, carried six persons. One steam carriage of the Serpollet type, using petroleum as fuel, was highly praised, while another was of such simple mechanism that it was easily handled by a novice. The benzine type carried enough fuel to travel a distance of over three hundred miles, so that it would have traveled a day and a half without renewing its supply.

The attitude taken by Germany regarding mechanical traction is timely and wise. It recognizes the utility and even the necessity of automobiles for war-purposes. It, however, considers it inadvisable to adopt a standard type at present, and advances two excellent reasons for this policy. Important improvements are reasonably certain from industrial sources, and again the enormous expense is prohibitive of an immediate and complete traction equipment of the German Army in time of peace. In case of war, requisitions of suitable private machines would be made and the necessary residue obtained by emergency purchases.

It should be remembered that military transportation is done by the wholesale in Germany. In the 1901 manoeuvres there were moved over one railroad in two days, without materially interfering with the regular passenger traffic, 56,000 men, 5,200 horses, 228 wagons, and 590 tons of baggage.

### *Successful Use of Automobiles at Army Manoeuvres*

During the late manoeuvres, despite the unfavorable weather and the bad state of the roads, the freight automobiles provisioned large bodies of detached troops. The experimental traction engines, weighing six tons, each dragged three loaded wagons. Although the main roads were muddy, the machines managed very well and even made short distances across open fields. In bivouac grounds, much cut up, it is said, they were obliged to detach the loaded wagons and,



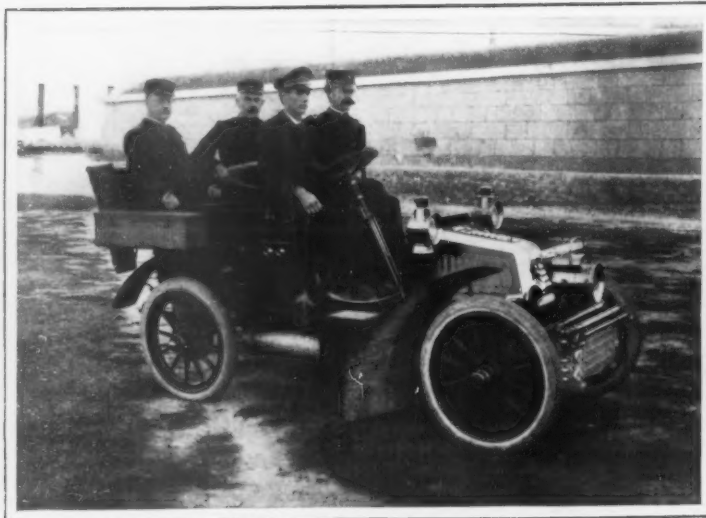
The Kaiser (on the back seat, to the left) returning from the German army manoeuvres near Berlin



Drawing a trainload of supplies into the yard of the fort, at Vincennes, France



Traction engine hauling 6-inch siege guns during the recent French manoeuvres



United States Signal Corps Automobile with General MacArthur and Staff



Motor-car used by Italian officers at the manoeuvres near Rome

acting as stationary engines, handle them by cable and drum.

Automobilism gave such promise in the manoeuvres of 1901 that the German Minister of War determined to investigate the subject scientifically. It was wisely recognized that all the derivable benefits of automobilism in war can only be guaranteed by experiments in time of peace, for the purpose of ascertaining the best types for various phases of military transportation. It was decided to intrust this investigation to a special detail, which should thoroughly investigate all matters connected with military automobiles.

#### Some German and French Experiments

In December, 1901, a detail from the Second Railway Regiment commenced experimental work with both express and freight automobiles. As far as can be learned, light three or four wheel machines, with two or three horsepower, are viewed with disfavor in Germany, although France expects much from this type. German authorities appear to favor machines of from six to fifteen horsepower. The heavier motors readily drag three heavily laden wagons over difficult hills without much trouble and with very rare breakdowns. The French Army has experimented more or less intermittently in automobilism since 1892, and systematically since 1900. Encouraged by successful experiments on country roads, oil-motor machines were used in the manoeuvres of 1896.

At Peugeot, in the autumn of 1900, the automobile was used most satisfactorily, both in connection with the field telegraph train and with the ambulance work of the medical corps.

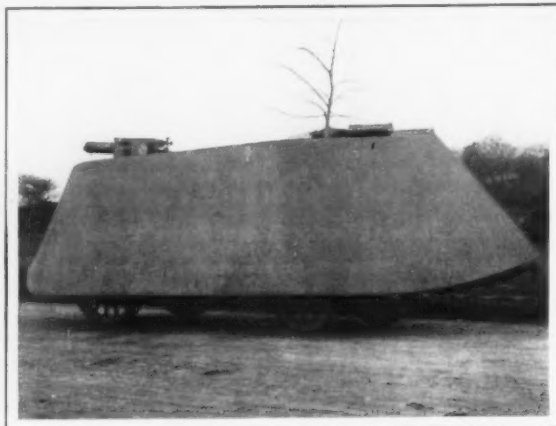
During recent French manoeuvres automobiles have been extensively used, especially for courier, search-light, and freight service. Staff officers collecting reports have traveled one hundred miles in a day. In another instance an auto-train transported ten tons of forage fifty miles in a single day, saving two days' time over similar work by thirty-six horses. In time of war the military authorities look to requisitioning automobiles, and an officer of rank says:

"The State has the greatest interest in the rational development of mechanical traction on ordinary roads, and should devise means to persuade manufacturers to build, and citizens to possess, vehicles not only suitable for commercial needs, but also able to render good military service."

An outgrowth of this idea is the Automobile Volunteer Corps, organized in 1902 in Great Britain. It has received the sanction of the British War Office, which has agreed to allow the members seven dollars and a half per day when on service. In time of war they will be expected to place themselves and their cars, fully equipped, for home duty as couriers, patrols, etc. Rudyard Kipling and a number of other notables are included in the corps.

Russia renewed its experiments at its last army manoeuvres with the Belgian express motor of six horsepower using benzine as a fuel and having an average speed of thirteen miles per hour. The roads were very bad and the ground unfavorable, the chauffeur being often obliged to take to uncultivated fields. Notwithstanding these conditions, which caused twenty-eight breakdowns, the machine covered about six hundred and forty miles in ten days.

The fortunate condition of the United States as regards draught animals renders automobilism a matter



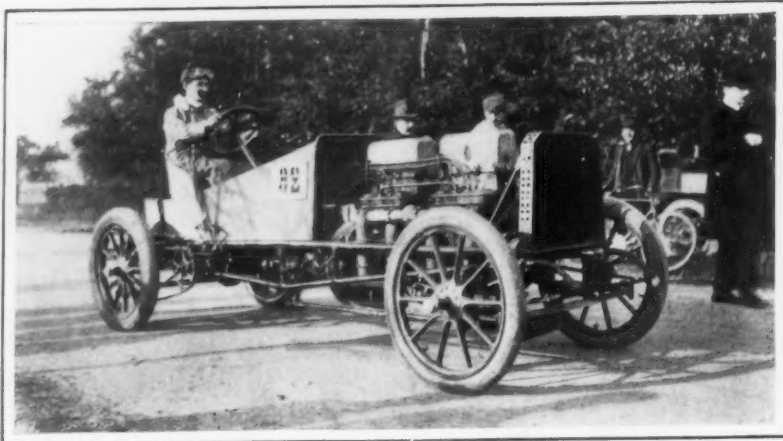
A BRITISH EXPERIMENTAL WAR-CAR

This machine is fully armored and comes to a point at each end. It is armed with rapid-fire guns and can carry a dozen men.

that can be safely deferred as a standard equipment until commercial needs have developed automobiles simpler in form, more reliable in action, and more economical in use than they are at present. Nevertheless, there should be timely provision along the lines followed by the German Army.

#### What Has Been Accomplished in this Country

Excepting a self-propelled battery of light artillery constructed at one of the Western military academies under the direction of an army officer, and which, manned by students, made an unsuccessful effort to reach Washington, the only experimental work thus far has been done by the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, who has confined his investigations or experiments to special vehicles suited for use as telegraph wagons for the speedy restoration of interrupted communication. There has been an endeavor to obtain what the Italian authorities have lately advanced as the ideal military machine; that is, an electrical automobile developing



A ONE-HUNDRED HORSEPOWER MACHINE

The usual pleasure motor-vehicle averages from ten to twenty horsepower

by dynamo its own motor power. No satisfactory electrical type could be obtained, and the obvious impossibility of regularly recharging automobile batteries in the field caused the temporary abandonment of this type. Experiments with steam automobiles using gasoline as fuel were tried with moderate success.

Military needs require material modifications in fuel and in form, which will make it possible to move small detachments and emergency supplies with considerable rapidity for special service. It is unquestioned that automobiles will play important parts in future wars, but it will be many years before they constitute the major transportation of an army. Motors can not replace mounted couriers or the military telegraph. For special uses, however, they are indispensable to every modern army, although the evolution of the types must be necessarily slow and tedious, especially in the United States.

#### INTRICACIES OF THE WOOD CASE

Despite a favorable committee report, the old straw will be threshed out on the Senate floor

IF IT were not for the famous five-thousand-dollar Jai Alai silver service, the charges against General Wood would be too frivolous to be worth anybody's serious attention, say the friends of General Wood. If General Wood is confirmed after the fact is admitted that he accepted a present worth five thousand dollars from a gambling association, the post-office "grafters" ought to be pensioned for life and receive the thanks of a grateful country, is the way the enemies of General Wood put it.

The silver service is the crux of the whole matter. General Wood is a high-minded man, of the strictest integrity, his champions assert. He took this present, not as a bribe for granting a concession, but because to have refused it would have appeared an insult to proud Spaniards, who would have bitterly resented the rejection of their evidence of good-will. "Fudge!" say his opponents. "High-minded, proud Spaniards, nothing! A set of gamblers who did not invest five thousand dollars because they were noble philanthropists. They wanted something and they were willing to pay for it."

It's the two sides of the shield. It is one of those cases where argument fails to convince. Men who believe in General Wood's integrity say that the worst he can be accused of is having done something that was perhaps of doubtful propriety; and they frankly admit they are sorry now that he permitted himself to be induced to accept a valuable gift from gamblers, even although his motives were the purest. The men who are fighting General Wood's confirmation say that the "gift" was the price of Wood's signature to the immensely valuable Jai Alai concession.

Eliminating the silver service, there is not much in the charges against General Wood. They group themselves under three heads:

First, that he used improper means to secure the conviction of Major Rathbone, head of the Cuban postal service during the American administration.

Second, that he incited Major Runcie to write an article, published in the "North American Review," attacking General Brooke, his superior officer.

Third, that his military experience does not justify his promotion.

The first count of the indictment General Wood's friends traverse by saying that "no man e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." Rathbone was tried, convicted, and sent to jail. Nearly every criminal claims that he is the victim of the malice of prosecuting officers. Rathbone's charges, to say the least, are to be viewed with suspicion. The



Runcie article is not to be so lightly dismissed. Major Runcie, an officer on the retired list of the army, a man whose character no one assails, swears, in substance, that Wood incited him to write the article; which means that Wood was willing to resort to unworthy methods to reflect on Brooke so as to procure his removal. Wood knew that if Brooke were removed he would succeed him. But Wood disclaims any knowledge of the Runcie article. The impartial reviewer must admit that the evidence on this point is not as clear-cut as one might wish. Finally, it is asserted that Wood's military experience does not justify his promotion. That is merely opinion. The President and Secretary Root think it does; his enemies entertain a contrary belief. Who shall decide?

The military committee before whom the testimony was taken reported in favor of his confirmation, the votes of only two members being cast in the negative. Usually the favorable report of a committee is accepted by the Senate and ensures the nominee's confirmation. General Wood's opponents will not accept the judgment of the committee as final, but intend to continue their opposition on the floor of the Senate. Despite this opposition, the best-informed opinion in Washington is that General Wood will be confirmed; not that he has done anything of such extraordinary merit to justify such rapid promotion, but because he is the friend of the President and all the influence of the President is being exerted in his behalf. And that counts for a good deal in Washington.—*From our Washington Correspondent.*

#### GORDON, HEROIC IN WAR AND PEACE

One of the bravest and ablest of Lee's leaders, he strove for thirty years to heal secession's wounds

"TAPS" sounded for General John Brown Gordon only a week after the death of his brilliant comrade-in-arms, James Longstreet. The latest of the Confederate corps commanders to be mustered out was one of the knightliest men of the Civil War, which advanced him from the rank of captain to a lieutenant-generalcy. Wounded eight times, five times in the one battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, yet refusing to leave the field, saving the life of the Union General Barlow at Gettysburg, where he attacked the right flank of the Union Army and rolled it back in the most brilliant charge of that conflict, General Gordon was the ideal soldier and leader. His exposure to fire, his innumerable escapes, when fighting, as he always did, at the head of his command, are shining traditions of the "Lost Cause." Yet no Confederate soldier accepted the verdict of Appomattox with more foresight and courage than did General Gordon. The idol of his old soldiers, and beloved of the South, in the generation after the war, he won the universal admiration of the North for his attitude toward things as they were and had to be.

His lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," was warmly welcomed by Union veterans. His reminiscences, published recently, contain tributes, "as the follower and friend of Lee and the sincere admirer of Grant," to the two opposing chieftains of the struggle. General Gordon fought vigorously in politics until burdened by years and wounds. He was in the United States Senate from 1873 to 1880, and again from 1891 to 1897. He was Governor of Georgia from 1887 to 1890. The most exciting chapter of General Gordon's political history was his defeat of Senator Bacon for the Governorship, when the latter had the prize almost in his hands. County after county was endorsing him for the Democratic nomination, when Gordon came into the field and won a whirlwind campaign that was like one of his charges at Malvern Hill or Seven Pines.

#### THE WILL OF THE CZAR IN GERMANY

Russian political fugitives taken from Prussian cities, and the Kaiser approves of the sensational crusade

WORD has been passed around among Russian students, exiles, and fugitives that they are not safe in Germany. Some have moved on to Switzerland, Holland, France, or England. Others are preparing to leave. They regard the country as no longer neutral. Strange things have happened during recent weeks. Russians arrested on orders of expulsion at Giessen, at Freiburg, at Posen, were taken by police and thrust across the Russian frontier. They have nevermore been heard of. The presumption is that Russian police, waiting at places agreed upon with the German police, took them into their voiceless keeping.

Domiciliary searches and seizures have taken place, especially in Königsberg and Stuttgart, in houses where correspondence or literature of a kind forbidden in Russia was believed to exist. The office of the "Osvobozhdenie" at Stuttgart was entered three weeks ago and searched. The subscription lists and copy on hand were taken. The "Osvobozhdenie" is a Russian revolutionary paper of moderate tendencies. Struve, the

editor, aims at the development in Russia of parliamentary institutions from the existing Zemstvos. He is a writer who left Russia three years ago with the object of founding this paper for secret circulation in Russia. Ample funds said to be derived from Jewish bankers in various capitals are at Struve's disposal.



NEW YORK'S NEW CUSTOM HOUSE AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

Personally he spends almost nothing, living in bare rooms kept by his wife. Although a Socialist, he excludes his Socialist views from the paper. Struve has issued an assurance that his subscription list was largely composed of ciphers that reminded him of names and places. Besides, the paper was sent, largely in bulk, out of Germany and distributed from other countries.

Bebel asserted in the Reichstag that Russian police were as much at home in Germany as in Russia, and that German police were used by the Russian for the attainment of secret objects. This attitude of the German, and particularly the Prussian, police began about November 10, and gives support to the theory that the Czar and the Emperor made an agreement at their meeting in October, of which one part was to prevent Russians discontented with political conditions at home from using Germany as a base from which to send their ideas and agents across the border. However this may be, Germany is no longer a secure harbor for Russian liberals and they are leaving.—*From our Berlin Correspondent.*

#### RECORD OF THE FIRST CUBAN CONGRESS

President Palma has been handicapped by the inferior quality and erratic sentiment of the Lower House

THE Cuban people are not sorry that their first Congress has adjourned. The young Government has made a splendid record. The chief handicap has been the low average of intellect and statesmanship in the Lower House of Congress. Wrath was expressed by



GENERAL JOHN BROWN GORDON

Who died on January 9, was a Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army, Governor of Georgia, U. S. Senator, and Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans

members of this body when President Palma vetoed the bill making the criminal charges against Congressmen liable only to the Supreme Court. And later, when the President was showered with congratulatory messages from all directions for having vetoed so undemocratic a measure, there was gnashing of Congress-

sional teeth. The veto of the lottery bill was expected, and President Palma will not be overwhelmed with congratulations from his countrymen for that act.

The first year of Cuban independence Congress was in session almost constantly, but few noteworthy statutes stand to commemorate that fact. Aside from passing the electoral law, the lottery bill, and amending the thirty-five million dollar loan law, which had to be tinkered with in order to raise the money, nothing noteworthy was done at the latest session. The House spent a fortnight in discussing suspension of payment of rents to the Catholic Church as contracted for by General Wood, in spite of the fact that under the Platt Amendment Cuba expressly agrees "that all the acts of the United States in Cuba during the military occupancy of said island shall be ratified and held as valid and all rights legally acquired by virtue of said acts shall be maintained and protected."

The Lower Chamber finally persisted in making this declaration, but the more able and conservative Senate has it safely pigeonholed. One of the most peculiar acts of the Cuban Congress has been its movement to turn over to a commission its powers of tariff legislation. This commission, to consist largely of persons unconnected with the Government, is empowered to arrange a temporary

tariff. But in this as in most other matters Cuba is safe, for President Palma can in his wisdom alter the scheme as he chooses. One-half the members of the Lower Chamber are to be elected next month. It is freely predicted that the election will result in many changes.

#### SECRETARY SHAW ANGERS BOSTON

Washington bombarded with protests against the abolition of the "release bond system"

"YE solid men of Boston" and Secretary Shaw are engaged in a hot controversy. Because of an insufficient force of workers at the Custom House, Boston, unlike any other port, has permitted importers to take away their goods immediately after their arrival, leaving one-tenth of the shipment and depositing a release bond to cover the probable duty to be fixed later by the officials. Custom House investigations are the order of the day, and on the strength of a report of conditions in Boston, Secretary Shaw removed or transferred several popular officials and then suddenly abrogated the release bond system. His ground was that it opened the way to fraud by giving the importer a chance to dispose of all his goods before the rate of valuation, which might be higher than his bond covered, had been determined.

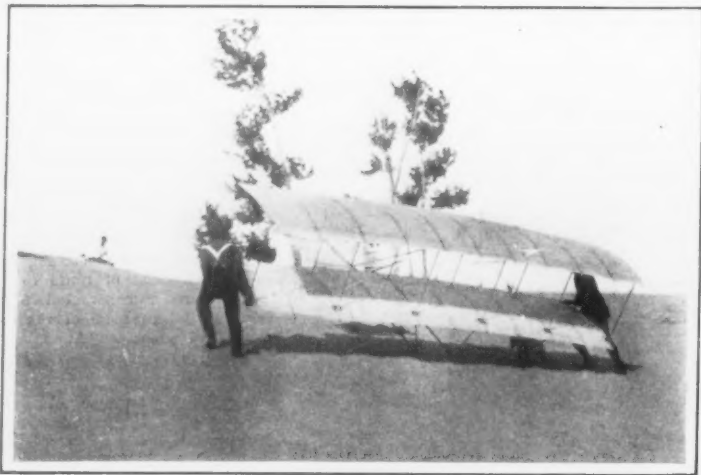
Boston and New England merchants were thunderstruck. They began bombarding Senator Lodge and Shaw and the President with telegrams. They called indignation meetings, and appointed committees and delegations. Secretary Shaw acted promptly. He went to Boston and heard their complaints, several warm oral duels ensuing. At last he consented to suspend the enforcement of his order one month and promised to supply enough clerks to put the office on an efficient basis. The merchants said "Thank you," but they are not satisfied. They resent Shaw's criticisms and his attitude toward them while in Boston; they are preparing to test the legality of the release bond system in the courts, and some of them declare that Secretary Shaw and Assistant Secretary Armstrong, a Chicago reporter until two years ago, are working in the interest of New York. Meantime, although the release system is again in vogue in Boston, there is a great congestion of imports, and all is confusion and delay at the Custom House and anger in the offices of the merchants.

#### WASHINGTON AND THE FAR EAST

The diplomats of Russia, Japan, and China have battled for the friendly influence of America

ALTHOUGH Washington has only been a side station on the main line of the Far Eastern crisis, it has at the same time been a signal station on which the great engineers have kept a very watchful eye for orders. The influence of the United States in international councils is now so great that as an ally she is eagerly welcomed. Until the exact position which this country would take in regard to affairs in the Far East was known, Russia as well as Japan was nervous; the policy of Great Britain as well as that of France and Germany was to some extent governed by that of America.

Last summer, when statesmen saw that a resort to war was inevitable if Russia did not keep her oft-violated promises and give more tangible evidences of good faith than paper promises which were contemptuously disregarded, Russia assumed as a matter of course that she could count upon the benevolent neutrality of this country. The legend of "traditional friendship" was still a valuable asset. There were still many people who honestly believed that Russia had always been the good friend of the United States,



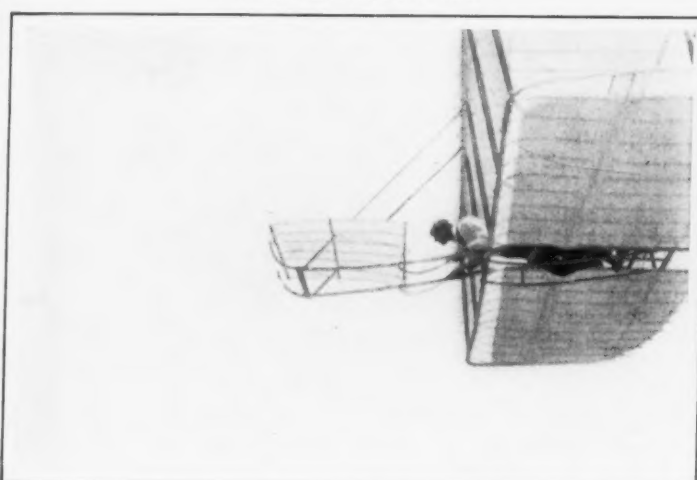
Carrying the machine uphill to the starting point



Taking a trial flight of a few yards



The aeroplane in position for "pushing off"



The machine in midair, traveling against the wind

#### THE FLYING MACHINE MADE BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, WHICH SAILED THREE MILES AGAINST THE WIND

that in the one great crisis in the national existence she had sturdily arrayed herself on the side of the United States and defied the world.

Russia knew that she was not in favor with the Government at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers were only too well aware of the way in which Russia had endeavored to thwart the American treaty negotiations in China, and how for months, by means of threats and bribes, she had prevented China from signing the American treaty. But for that Russia did not care. She counted upon the influence of tradition to again serve her, as it had so often served her in the past.

Japan was eager for American assistance. That the sympathies of the American Government and the American people are with Japan no one can deny. The American people sympathize with Japan because her interests and those of the United States are almost identical—because Japan stands for open markets and welcomes American competition; Russia stands for the closed door and would shut out American trade.

But although individual members of the Government might have sympathy for the plucky little nation brave enough to risk national existence in the attempt to halt the Colossus of the North, as a Government this country could take no part in the war, because it did not, for the present, threaten American interests. Would the United States assist Japan? Japan asked. The answer was an emphatic but courteous "no." Japan was sorely disappointed.

#### Whoever Wins, China Loses

Whatever happens in the Far East, China suffers. Worried by the thought of war, fearful that she would be the price of victory no matter who proved victor, China appealed to the United States. America had large commercial interests in China, would not America protect those interests by becoming the ally and protector of China and thereby prevent war? And again the answer was a firm "no."

So great is the power of the United States that, despite these plain and very clear answers, Europe did not believe them. For many weeks the Foreign Offices of Europe could not persuade themselves that an American "no" did not mean "yes"; that "no" did not mean "no" with a mental reservation. Diplomacy was very busy. Would the United States join with this power or that; would the United States sanction this course or did it disapprove of that? The United States had nothing to say. Russia and Japan might fight if they willed, and the United States would remain a passive spectator, afterward, when peace was reached, the United States might have something to say to safeguard its interests.

The influence of the United States exerted for or against either Russia or Japan would in all probability have been the decisive factor to turn the scale. That is one of the tributes to the influence wielded by the United States in the opening years of the twentieth century.—*From our Washington Correspondent.*

#### A FLYING MACHINE THAT ACTUALLY FLIES

The Brothers Wright succeed where Langley failed, in driving an airship that is not a balloon

TO SAIL three miles through the air at a speed of eight miles an hour against a breeze blowing twenty-one miles an hour is the most notable achievement in flying-machine experiments. Three years ago, two brothers named Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, went down among the sandhills of the North Carolina coast. They were expert mechanics, and brought their own tools and machinery. They had studied the experiments of flying-machine inventors here and abroad. They were going to put their study and ingenuity to practical use. They tried the "multiple wing" machine with its large number of sails. Then they turned to the gliding machine invented by Octave Chanute, and modified it to their purpose. Their first machine carried one of them three hundred and sixty feet, and after another year a new apparatus sailed an eighth of a mile. Last year they made changes, and added a gasoline engine and propellers, with the final successful test late in December as a result.

The machine, in which the operator lies at full length, is in some ways like a box kite with a rudder instead of a tail. The framework is covered with cloth at top and bottom. It is buoyant enough of itself to float its own weight and that of one man. During their three years of experiments, the brothers had added considerably to their knowledge of air-currents and of the resistance of canvas. Keeping these things in view, they designed and built their propelling apparatus. One propeller, revolving horizontally, is placed underneath the centre of the machine's body. The other is like the screw of a steamship, whirling vertically at the rear. The gasoline engine, with 4-inch pistons and 16-horsepower, operates at will either or both of the propellers. The one beneath helps to hold up the machine; the one at the rear drives it in the direction toward which the operator points it.

The machine is launched from a hill by merely "pushing off." It can be pointed in any direction and can be landed at will. It is strong enough to stand the strain of repeated trips, and its wings have been tested with six times the load they carried last month. The horizontal position of the man in the machine saves about

one-half horsepower, by diminishing the wind resistance. The Wrights have used larger cloth surfaces than their predecessors. Their successful machine has three hundred square feet of cloth. Its wings measure more than forty feet from tip to tip, and it weighs, entirely equipped, about seven hundred pounds. The achievement marks an impressive step in advance toward the every-day navigation of the air.

The test in question was made at Kitty Hawk, in North Carolina, in the neighborhood of which place the machine was launched from the top of a sand dune. The aeroplane first took a downward course, but, as the propeller under the engine increased its revolutions, began to rise slowly and steadily into the air. When the machine was sixty feet above the ground, the rear propeller began to do its work, sending the "flyer" forward against the wind. Wilbur Wright was able to steer his craft as he pleased, with the aid of the horizontal steering-gear—as shown in our illustration—and after going three miles brought the machine gently to the ground without difficulty or mishap.

Professor Langley and Maxim experimented along the lines of a real flying machine, as distinct from the dirigible balloons of Santos-Dumont and Lebaudy. But the eminent scientist and the brilliant inventor, with fortunes at their disposal, have not been rewarded with the success of these amateurish mechanics. A machine, not a kite, that propels itself against a strong wind, is under steerage control, and lands without converting itself into a scrap heap, is something new under the sun.

#### A CHARACTER FACTORY OF NEW ENGLAND

Progress of the college at Springfield, where fourteen different nationalities are becoming educated Americans

THERE is a school in Springfield, Massachusetts, whose business it is to train young men and women of foreign birth or parentage for intelligent American citizenship. It is a small school, and feeble, whose slogan is not chanted by throngs of friends on athletic fields, or at alumni banquets, whose name is unknown outside the little round of its immediate activity. But to every American of the old stock who holds his country dear the French-American college must be an object of interest. It is an effort to develop a force which shall help to save New England to herself, to preserve the old type of civilization now so vigorously threatened by the constantly rising tide of immigration.

Steadily, and of late years rapidly, the Yankee is fading from his ancestral land. By the last census '62.3 per cent of the people in Massachusetts were of foreign parentage. In Rhode Island the percentage was 64.2; in Connecticut, 57.2. For all New England it





A group of students which includes young men and women of fourteen nationalities



The college grounds and buildings



The class room in English



The composing room, where every pupil learns the printer's trade

#### THE FRENCH-AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS., WHERE YOUNG IMMIGRANTS OF ALL RACES ARE TAUGHT TO BE GOOD AMERICANS

was 48. In 1890 it was 42 for all New England, as against 30 in 1870. Every year in Massachusetts alone, of the native stock—that which was there before 1850—there are 12,000 more deaths than births, but there is an excess of 21,000 births in the foreign stock, besides immigration of about 50,000.

##### *The Menace to New England*

A great part of the immigration into New England is French-Canadian. Nearly one-half of the race make their homes in the United States, and of these 50 per cent or more are located in New England. As a rule, they keep to themselves, and maintain their own institutions. Their spirit is French-Canadian, not American, and they are slower to feel the effects of the ordinary Americanizing influences than any other immigrants. It was to meet the condition created by this influx from the Province of Quebec that the French-American college was founded. Its organizers saw then only the problem immediately before them, but their experience soon taught them that they were aiming at but one phase of a complex situation. The danger to the old New England standards lay not in the French-Canadian solidarity alone, but in the entire mass of immigrants, ignorant as they are for the most part, with an inheritance hostile or indifferent to education, and a parentage suspicious of American influence upon their children.

The scope of the college was broadened, and "to propagate among the various elements of immigration the principles which made glorious the old New England" became its business. What it conceived those principles to be is set forth in its formal statement, the first four heads of which declare it to be a "Christian, protestant, evangelical, catholic (in the broad sense) college." The fifth paragraph says:

"This is an American institution, maintaining those intellectual and moral standards which prevail in American institutions of higher Christian education, upholding American ideals, inculcating the American spirit, and supporting American institutions of social order, and of civil and religious liberty."

Their study of the problem had convinced its administrators that it is necessary that the leaders of foreigners in America shall be trained in at least two civilizations and two languages, those of the country from which they came, and those of this country, where they have made their homes and where their work will be done. The leadership of each people must be fitted to its own inherited tendencies, but

with the constant aim of bringing all the different peoples here to one type of civilization, the methods and agencies being specifically suited to each.

The original purpose is shown in the name, French-American, but its progress has made it in fact Foreign-American. Fourteen nationalities are now represented on the roll of students, and the French-Canadians are exceeded in number by the Italians, who head the list, and by the Armenians. They are principally children of emigrants to New England, but the far corners of the globe have sent a few. One is from Japan, one from South America, one from Tarsus. There are Poles, Bulgarians, Greeks, Syrians. The roll is full of such names as Stoi Tchakmakoff, Slavi Slavoff, Themistocles Yoxis, Pietro Cavvicchia, and Senekerim Dohanian. Among the brightest of them is Miss Bedour Abosh. They range in age from twelve years to well beyond twenty, and there have been students over forty who were a credit to themselves and the college.

The coming of other nationalities has greatly increased the work of the college. At first the instruction was in French and English, but since the Italians have outnumbered the French, Italian has been added, so that now every graduate receives a careful training either in Italian or French, as he elects, as well as in English. It is a small institution, with no endowment and a hard struggle for existence. To live fully up to its ambitious purpose it should be able to give as many courses as there are nationalities among its students, but among its officers there is hardly one who dares to dream of a day when that will be possible. It has a few more than a hundred students, but every year applications are denied because it can not care for more. There is neither room for them nor work to give them.

##### *Teaching Useful Trades*

The lack of work for the students is a serious matter. For this is a poor man's college, and most of the students work out a considerable part of their expenses. The boys take care of the buildings and grounds, and the girls work in the women's hall, help about the cooking, and serve in the dining-room. There is a printing office which furnishes most of the work for the young men. The college publishes the "French-American Citizen," a sixteen-page weekly paper on which the students do all the work except the printing, for they have no press. Every boy learns the printer's trade. A schedule is made out each week and posted on the bulletin board showing the amount of type each must set.

There is a regular form of contract which each student signs at entrance. It sets forth just what his expenses will be for the year (the average is less than \$150), and he states the amount he is prepared to pay in cash. The rest he pays in manual labor, and the college frankly declares that inasmuch as labor is not worth so much to it as money, he will be required to work 20 per cent more than he is charged in cash.

##### *Ambitions Bravely Realized*

The college is organized on the plan of the ordinary New England institution, and confers the regular degrees. Its standard is about the same as at other colleges, but from its peculiar nature such emphasis is laid upon modern languages that there is not as extensive work in the classics as in some other institutions. English is the great subject. From his first day in the lowest form to his last day in the senior year the student is kept at it. Special stress is laid upon composition, the structure and pronunciation of the language, and the art of narration. To help them speak English more fluently, and to think on their feet, debates are frequent. Every patriotic day in the calendar has its appropriate celebration. Washington's, Lincoln's, and Grant's birthdays are occasions for special lessons in Americanization.

In spite of the perplexities of cramped quarters and scanty resources, the air of the French-American college is wholesome and hopeful. If it were equipped to take care of them it could have five hundred students in a year. Its early effort was hampered by the necessity of winning the people for whom it labors away from their inherited aversion for education. Now its great regret is that it must refuse so many who want to come. But how cheerfully the faculty accept their situation is nowhere shown better than in their reports as to needed improvements. They do not aspire to the hopeless. However they may yearn secretly for endowments and buildings, they do not complain of their lack. Instead, one asks modestly for "a large dictionary of recent publication, and an atlas." Another would like "a porch across the front of the building and some paint." A third pleads for "another window in the recitation-room. It is gloomy, and a lamp is frequently needed." One wants a "small collection of fossils" to help him teach geology, and pathetically remarks that "the cost is low." But with or without atlas, porch, paint, window or fossils, they all strive earnestly and successfully to teach their pupils to become loyal, intelligent Americans.

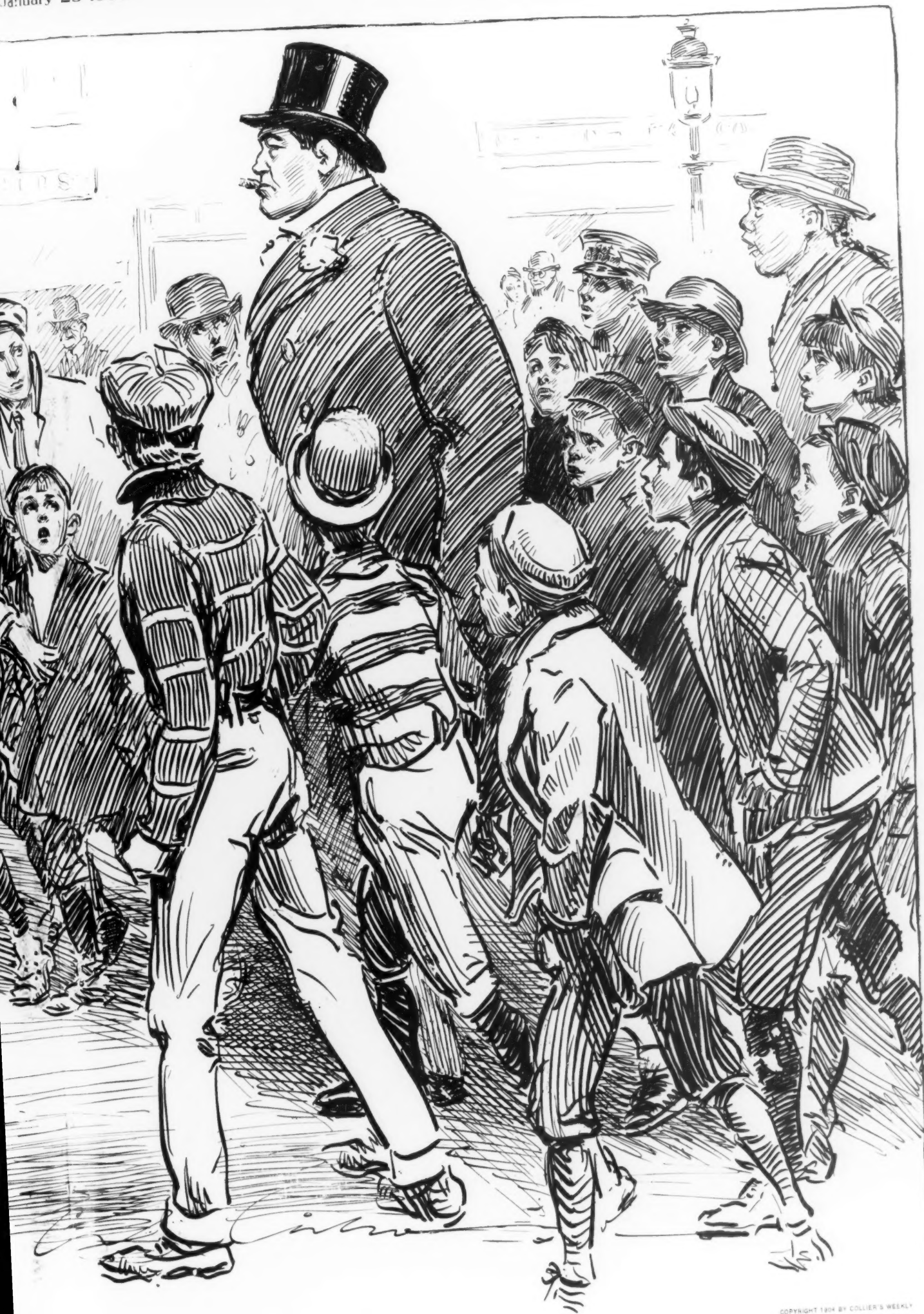


# THE CHAM

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA



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CHAMPION

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# A MIDNIGHT GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

By JOHN WORNE, Author of "Pride and Pills" : : : Illustrated by W. D. STEVENS

HENRY and Philip had been persecuted by the police ever since they were quite little. And at every fresh instance of this persecution it was the habit of some vicious, nagging policeman to get up and read out a list of the times they had been persecuted before. And this procedure, so far from softening the hearts of their persecutors, seemed only to stiffen those remorseless tyrants in their determination never to allow their victims a moment's rest. And on each occasion Henry and Philip were wont to remark with extravagant cheerfulness, that they could do *that* on their heads. Such was the dauntless and untamable spirit of these two. Of such stuff are martyrs made.

Coming late one evening to No. 143 Ennerton Gardens W., they found the front door locked, and had to get in by the window. No. 143 Ennerton Gardens W. was not their home: they did not live in quite such a fashionable neighborhood, though it was true they entered some of the best houses in London, so charming were their manners. They had a key, but the door was also bolted, and out of consideration for the servants, the hour being so late and everybody in bed, they did not care to ring. Of course it was a little inconvenient to have to climb along the roof of an out-house and cut a piece of glass out of a window-pane; but in their magnificent selfishness they were always loth to disturb in any way their fellow-creatures. In fact the precautions they took to avoid doing such a thing were as creditable to their ingenuity as their hearts.

Having, in the cleverest way in the world, opened the window wide enough to get in, they got in and looked round, delicately and circumspectly.

"This is 'er room," said Henry in a whisper, as he cautiously turned on a little electric light he had with him at the end of a small stick, and examined the bed, making sure that it was empty. "The marster an' the missus 'ave gawn dahn into the country for a few dyes, haw!"

"Chuck that," said Philip. "Where's the jools?" With infinite care they opened drawers and explored them to their depths; with a cunning instrument which worked in silence they laid bare a wardrobe in the twinkling of an eye, and while Henry was shuffling things about in every direction in a hurried search for valuables, Philip was making an exhaustive examination of the dressing table and placing silver hair brushes in a bag which, with admirable foresight, they had brought with them—in case they should see anything suitable for carrying about in it.

"Blimey!" said Philip irritably, "where's them jools?" "Ave they got any?" said Henry, rather sarcastically.

"Aven't I told you I saw 'er orderin' the sparklers at the shop? An' yer saw 'er yerself get inter the keb with another lot on yesterday. Look noice in *my* 'air, that lot will, stuck in saucy loike."

"Find 'em," was all Henry said. Then, after another minute of searching, "May 'ave took 'em with 'er into the country, haw!"

"Not much: only gone to pay a visit to 'er pore aunt. She don't carry no jools on a visit to a pore aunt."

"Ow d'yer know she's on a visit to 'er pore aunt?" "What do *you* think—was I makin' love ter the cook this mornin' 'cos of 'er be-yewtiful face?"

The scorn with which this was uttered made it obviously one of the questions which expect the answer "no." Henry grunted.

"D'yer want to wake the 'ouse?" said Philip, with his head in the wardrobe, out of which they had already pulled all the drawers and everything movable it contained.

"Better ring," said Henry, "an' arsk the butler where the jools is." He was becoming disappointed and bitter. Suddenly he gave vent to a subdued alarm and excited "Ulo!"

Philip's head came out of the wardrobe with a jerk and he swiftly extinguished the light. Both made rapidly for the window. A small figure in bare legs and a short night-shirt was standing in the doorway, looking at them with eyes of surprise. It advanced into the room and said, "Oh!"

Seeing that it was, so very small and said "Oh!" so very quietly, Henry stopped with one leg out and one leg in, and looked round.

"Show me that again, please," said the figure. Philip slipped round to the door and closed it softly.

"Show what?" said Henry.

"Pretty light gone out," said the figure, pointing to the baton in Philip's hand, the end of which had been glowing a minute before.

"Wot oh!" and it 'ere," said Henry, taking it from Philip.

"D'yer want us to get copped?" snarled Philip, who was not of so amiable a disposition as his colleague.

"That do for yer, sonny?" said Henry, pressing the button and letting the light flash out for a second.

"Again," said the figure, holding out a chubby hand.

"Art a mo', Tommy dear."

"My name's not Tommy."

"What do they call yer, then?"

"They call me Trotty, but my name is Henry."

Henry was touched. He turned to Philip.

"In footcher," he said, "call me Trotty."

"Is your name Henry, too?"

"Yer've 'it it fust shot, sonny; that's me."

"My father, 'e was a 'Enry too," said Philip.



A SMALL FIGURE IN BARE LEGS WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY

"Rummy go, ain't it?" said Henry sympathetically. "Seems done o' purpose loike."

"Show me again," said Trotty, bringing them back to the point: this discussion of names was a digression.

"Look 'ere," said Henry, "this 'ere twinkler won't work if yer make any noise."

"Me be very quiet," said Trotty. "Show me again."

"Don't you talk above a whisper, see?"

Trotty nodded vigorously and his eyes gleamed.

"Me whisper?"

"Seems more chummy like, don't it?" Henry pressed the button and the light shone out. Trotty chuckled and Henry held up a warning and dirty finger.

"Oo's not washed oo's hands," whispered Trotty in such glee at finding a fellow-mortal liable to the same reproach as himself that he forgot the other attraction. Henry put the light out at once. For the first time in his life it occurred to him that hands might and could be clean. Philip too, though he was some distance away, listening at the door, for some reason put his hands behind his back.

"But oo's got a nice face," said Trotty, feeling that perhaps he should not have drawn attention to the other point in the case of a comparative stranger. "Turn pretty light up; me like to see oo's face."

Henry was embarrassed; and while he modestly thought of something to say, Philip took some necessary precautions.

"Look 'ere, youngster, where's your nurse?"

"Nurse asleep," said Trotty gleefully.

"Where?" asked Philip.

"Long long away."

"Where is the servants?"

"Long long away." His face suddenly clouded: "Oo's not going to tell them I 'se here."

"I dunno," said Henry, wagging his nice face solemnly. "Seems like as we oughter. Eh? What?"

"It's a sorter dooty," said Philip, "to wike the nurse up an' arsk 'er 'ole mother."

Trotty's mouth screwed up and tears came into his eyes. Fearing a howl, Henry turned on the light.

"Ave a look at 'is fice," said Philip soothingly, "if it does yer good."

"Oo's going to tell?" asked Trotty.

"On thinkin' the matter over," said Henry, "perhaps we won't."

"It 'ud be 'ard on the kid," said Philip. From which it is clear that they were both very fond of children—perhaps a little too fond, too ready to yield to their whims. The proper thing, of course, for one really consulting this child's welfare would have been to ring and have him sent to bed. But they were much too indulgent for that. Henry poured out such sweet nothings as were at his command, little pleasantries of the gin-shop and the police court; while Philip resumed his stealthy search and Trotty thought as he toyed with jemmy and skeleton key, learning the pet names of each, that now at last was he in heaven. In fact, Henry assured him that if he was very very good



"I SURRENDER, O KING!" SAID BOTH UNGRACIOUSLY

he might, after death, have for all his own a stick which lighted up when you pressed a button. In the midst of all these delights, it suddenly occurred to him to ask, "Why is oo here?"

"'Ear that?" said Henry to Philip. "'E wants ter know what we're doin' 'ere."

"Wot I wants ter know," said Philip, who was getting tired of this futile visit, "is wot are we stayin' for?"

"Why, 'cos wot would 'is mother say if we was to come to 'er an' say, 'Ma'am, we 'aven't brought yer the jools as yer so kindly sent us for?' That 'ud be a noice thing, eh, after tykin' all this trouble."

"And 'er that pertickler about 'avin' them at once," said Philip with regret.

"An', she sez," pursued Henry, "if yer can't foind 'em, just arsk Trotty—is 'is name is Enry, but we calls 'im Trotty—where they are."

"Oh!" said Trotty, "did mummy send you?"

"Ark at 'im!" said Henry. "If mummy 'adn't sent us, why should we be 'ere?"

There seemed to be something in that, thought Trotty, but he inquired further where they had seen her.

"She was gettin' into a keb," said Henry, "just outside the rylwey stytyon on 'er wye to yer aunt—yer aunt—yer pore aunt's 'ouse—"

Trotty nodded and said, "Aunt Mary."

"An', sez she, sudden loike: 'Blimey!' sez she, 'if I 'aven't forgot my jools! What'll pore Aunt Mary sye if I 'as breakfus' without 'em?' 'Enry,' she sez, 'secin' me an' loikin' my fice, 'Enry, will you an' Philip go an' get 'em?' 'Bless yer 'eart!' sez I, 'hanythink for the mother of Trotty!' 'Garn,' she sez, but pleased loike: so 'ere we are!"

"But we can't foind them," said Philip.

"Not 'avin' had toime ter get 'er pertickler instructions—the trine bein' ready ter start," added Henry.

"But Trotty 'ull tell yer, bless 'is 'eart," sez she, Philip went on.

"An' give 'im my love," sez she," said Henry.

"The little darlin'," said Philip.

Trotty was quite overcome. "Can't oo guess where they's kept?" he said, rejoicing in the superiority of his position as one who knew and was determined to take advantage of his knowledge.

"We ain't clever enough," said Henry.

"Guess," said Trotty. Then he had an idea: "Oo hunt; me tell oo when oo's getting warm."

"In this 'ere room?" asked Henry. Trotty nodded gleefully: it was going to be a good game. He perched himself on the bed and watched the operations with a lordly air. Henry preserved a smiling face, but Philip showed a tendency to growl.

"Come on, youngster," he said, "art with it; where's them things?"

"Oo play hide an' seek," said Trotty.

Henry, being wiser, walked over to the dressing table. Trotty followed him with eyes of triumph and nose turned up in disdain. Henry looked round, after passing his hand over the table.

"Quite cold," said Trotty, chuckling so loud that they had to remind him of the nurse.

Henry crept to the chest of drawers and stood in front of it waiting for the sign. The nose was still disdainful and the head shook. Philip now took part in the game and walked to a small table on which stood a writing desk. Trotty nearly wagged his head off.

"Quite cold!" he said, and Philip began to lose his temper. "Oo can't find it, oo can't find it," said Trotty in ecstasy. Never had he played such a very good game; and under such unusual and entertaining conditions. Henry and Philip wandered aimlessly round the room, and as they approached the wardrobe Trotty suddenly caught his breath and jumped off the bed. They looked round.

"Getting hot," whispered Trotty, trembling with excitement as he crept up close to them.

"Ot 'ere?" asked Henry, pulling out a drawer.

"Cold again," said Trotty with mockery.

Philip was savagely rummaging among skirts hanging on pegs and his temper was again getting the better of him.

"Oo's quite cold," chuckled Trotty, clapping his hands softly with glee. Philip did not feel cold and it was in his mind to utter words that were warm. It was such a very good game.

"Ow's this?" said Henry, pulling away at more drawers.

"Cold," murmured Trotty each time.

"Look 'ere!" said Philip, "this ain't no bloomin' joke. Where's them jools?"

"Getting very warm," was Trotty's reply.

"You'll be warm in arf a minute," murmured Henry; even *his* sweetness of temper seemed to be oozing away. Every drawer and shelf in that piece of furniture was removed and examined with minutest care; they reduced it to bare walls; and yet Trotty continued to murmur, "Cold," or occasionally, at intervals, "Getting warmer"; and it became a question which was the more exasperating of the two announcements. Henry and Philip began to cast ugly glances upon each other, Trotty, and the door.

"Look 'ere," said Henry at last, with a grim gentleness, "if yer don't 'urry up we shall miss that trine an' yer ma will have ter 'ave breakfus' without 'er jools."

Trotty danced with joy: "Say 'I surrender.'"

That, apparently, was the next step in the great game.

"Soy d'yer mean?"

"Say 'I surrender.' Oo kneel down and say 'I surrender—me's won.'"



"Where's them jools?"  
Trotty tossed his head defiantly. "Me not tell till oo gives up."

"Wot oh!" said Henry. "I surrender."  
"Kneel down," Henry knelt down. "Oo, too." Philip knelt down. Trotty drew himself up. It was a very pretty sight and one which would have melted forever the hearts of the persecutors of Henry and Philip. Trotty's nurse would have been charmed to see it; Trotty's mother would have been filled with pride at the humility of those two storm-tossed and weather-beaten sufferers subdued before her child. The rapture of Trotty himself knew no bounds.

"Say, 'I surrender, O King!'"  
"I surrender, O King!" said both ungraciously.  
"Now 'urry up," added Philip.  
They scrambled to their feet as Trotty advanced

to the wardrobe with stately step—so far as three feet of pink chubbiness in a white nightshirt can be stately.

"Lift me up," he said imperiously.  
Henry lifted him up and he put his hand in at the back of the wardrobe and pressed something. Immediately a little cupboard flew open in a most unexpected and apparently impossible place. Henry dropped Trotty hurriedly and grabbed a small leather case. Philip grabbed another—for if they were to catch the train arriving at Aunt Mary's in time for breakfast there was need of hurry. They opened the two boxes, looked in and appeared satisfied. As they dropped them into their bag and made for the window they seemed to have forgotten Trotty. But at the last moment, when half out, Henry turned and caught sight of the absurd little figure gazing after them with wonder.

"Is oo going to the train now?"

"Ho, yus! Ta-ta!"

"Good-by," Trotty came up and held out his face to be kissed.

"Wot oh!" said Henry, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, with some vague idea that it thereby became more suitable for the purpose. Which done, he imprinted a large kiss on his little fat cheek. He was much touched, and, noticing a silver-backed hand-glass, hitherto overlooked, he took it.

"Tell your mummy we've got the jools; that'll be all right." There were tears in his voice.

"By-by," said Trotty; and in response to a hasty signal from Philip in the street, Henry slipped down rapidly and disappeared.

Next day Trotty told mummy all about it. Mummy was so pleased.

## THE STORY OF A HYPNOTIC CRIME

A young Frenchwoman was recently pardoned after serving fourteen years in prison for taking part in a notorious murder. Her release being due to the belief that hypnotic influence was the cause of her participation in the crime, she was subjected to an experiment by French scientists with amazing results. The present story was written by an eye-witness, and the photographs were selected from a number taken with a bioscope during the experiment

FIFTEEN YEARS ago the men and women of the great world of Paris literally fought for place at the murder trial of Michel Eyraud and his beautiful friend and accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard. Last month in a photograph studio Mlle. Bompard, supposedly under hypnotic influence, told the details of the crime for which she had served fourteen years of the twenty years' sentence of imprisonment to which she had been originally condemned. The incident was regarded with much interest by the Parisians as the final chapter of a murder particularly picturesque even in a city of which the criminal records are as rich in sensations as the Bois is of green leaves on a June day. But to the world at large this hypnotic performance was looked upon as an affair of some moment, as a practical demonstration which showed the tremendous possibilities of the use of a hypnotic force as a means of extracting evidence from the principals and witnesses in a criminal procedure.

The sensation caused by the trial of Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard can the more easily be ascribed to the personality of the chief actor in the tragedy rather than to the crime itself. Eyraud was a man of some education, with a brutal face and an inordinate vanity inspired by his successes with women whose social status was but slightly superior to his own. But all Paris loves a lover, and so when the arm of justice had reached out and placed this lowest of criminals safely in the dock the women of Paris flocked to hear the evidence which eventually condemned him to the guillotine. It was the same form of morbid adoration which has inspired women in this country to send their photographs and bunches of flowers to the kind of criminals who revel in their misdeeds and walk to the gallows with a smile on their lips.

Eyraud had been a wholesale wine dealer in Bordeaux. He afterward changed his field of operations to Paris, and when he advertised for a young woman to assist him in his office work, Gabrielle Bompard was accepted as the most likely

candidate for the position. Perhaps he had the powers of a Svengali, or perhaps he was only a man with that peculiar virtue or lack of it that attracts certain women; but the result was the same—in an absurdly short space of time this young, pretty girl was ready and willing to do all he bade her. According to the evidence of the trial, she decoyed an inoffensive *huis-sier*, a M. Gouffé, into her apartments. She sat by his side on a sofa thoughtfully placed in front of some harmless-looking curtains suspended from a securely fastened wooden rod. A few minutes later, according to the statement of Michel Eyraud himself, he pulled on the belt of Mlle. Bompard's wrapper, which had been tied about M. Gouffé's neck and passed over the wooden rod, while the lady tugged at her visitor's legs in order to expedite the choking process. The body of their victim was packed in a trunk and the two criminals started for Lyons with their grewsome burden. From Lyons they went to Marseilles and then back to Paris.

As a sidelight on Eyraud's power over the girl an interesting detail was disclosed at the trial to the effect that the murderer had induced the girl to return to the apartment where the murder had been committed for the sole purpose of obtaining an old hat which he had inadvertently left behind.

Their crime became the *cause célèbre* of the day, and after the discovery of the trunk with Gouffé's body in it, they were suspected of being the murderers and fled to America, pursued by the two French detectives Gaillarde and Soudais; but no trace of them could be found, and the French police officers returned to Paris. In the meantime Eyraud abused Gabrielle



GABRIELLE BOMPARD

Who, while hypnotized, took part in a murder

and she left him in San Francisco for a man named Garanger. Then she came home and denounced Eyraud, expecting to be acquitted, but was sentenced to twenty years. The murderer in the meantime had been recognized quite by chance in Havana by a former employee of the Bordeaux days named Gauthier, and was promptly arrested by the Spanish police. Soudais and Gaillarde again went after him and this time brought him back to Paris. Here early in the winter of 1891, at the Place de la Roquette, "The Strangler of Paris," as he was affectionately called by his admirers, was guillotined, and his last words were a curse on the pretty head of his former companion, Mlle. Bompard.

And now comes the extraordinary sequel to this unsavory crime. Henri Letellier, proprietor of "Le Journal," interested himself on behalf of Gabrielle Bompard and eventually had her pardoned before the expiration of her sentence. He believed the girl's statement, that at the time of the crime she was completely under Eyraud's control and, having been hypnotized by him, had no recollection whatever of the day of the crime or the subsequent events of their trip together when they fled to and traveled throughout America, eluding the pursuit of the two detectives, who followed them all over the country. Letellier succeeded in interesting others in her story of having been hypnotized, and printed a series of articles in his paper entitled "The Memoirs of Gabrielle Bompard," which were written by Jacques Dhur, an editorial writer of "Le Journal." These memoirs were followed by a series of articles on the possibilities of the relations of hypnotism to crime and to what extent an innocent person might be made to participate in a crime of even the most horrible character.

As Gabrielle declared she had no recollection of the crime, being hypnotized and completely under Eyraud's control, it was argued that if she were put under the same mesmeric influence again and questioned adroitly she could reproduce the tragic events of the afternoon of July 26, 1889, and recall all the horrible details for the edification of the gentlemen interested.

In a recent musical comedy produced in this country there was introduced a burlesque on a French duet. The principals were accompanied to the scene of action

not only by their seconds and a surgeon, but in addition there was a great procession of friends, newspaper reporters, camera fiends, and a brass band. The same programme, with the exception of the band, was carried out at Mlle. Bompard's hypnotic seance, which took place at a photographic studio in the Boulevard des Capucines, Professor Liegeois of the faculty of the University of Nancy consented to do the mesmerizing of the young

woman, who, incidentally, is now thirty-four years of age, very frail of figure and still pretty of face.

After a bioscope apparatus had been placed in position and a stenographer prepared to take down the proceedings verbatim, Professor Liegeois seized Gabrielle by the arm and threw her into a hypnotic trance; then he informed her that she was again in the room in the Rue Troncon-Ducoudray and that it was once more July 26, 1889.

Instantly the girl's face assumed an expression of horror, and she put out her hands as if to protect herself from some threatened violence, at the same time crying out, "Coward! Coward! You hurt me!" Then, suddenly weakening, she dragged herself on her knees toward Professor Liegeois. "There, there, I give up," she said. "I will do anything you say."

The actual crime was not reproduced for obvious reasons when the circumstances are recalled; besides, nobody seemed to care for the rôle of Gouffé. Gabrielle's appearance during this scene and those that followed was frightful and filled the onlookers with a real sensation of horror. Her voice, pitched in a high key, gave apparently genuine evidence of abject terror, and her face was convulsed as she dragged herself about the floor.

"Where is Gouffé?" suddenly asked the Professor. The woman pointed vaguely before her with outstretched arm, which trembled violently, and she whispered: "There! There!"

"How is he?" came the question, while Gabrielle seemed to be on the point of bursting into tears. Finally she replied:

"He is dead. Eyraud killed him."

"What is Eyraud doing now?"

The woman turned her head, uttered a scream, and placed her hands before her face, crying out: "No, not that, not that, Eyraud; I can not support that. It is too much."

"What is he doing now?" asked Liegeois.

"Horrors!" cried the girl. "See the scissors! Eyraud is cutting the clothes off Gouffé's body!"

"How was Gouffé killed?" asked the Professor.

Here the scene became tragic in the extreme as Gabrielle, always kneeling, dragged herself toward

Liegeois and, with her head raised and an expression of disgust and horror on her face, made with her little hands the motions of killing some one by strangulation.

"Now it is getting dark—where is Eyraud now?"

"He's gone, leaving me to pass the night with the corpse. He says he will return to-morrow."

"Very well, it is to-morrow. What are you doing now?"

"We are leaving for Lyons with the body."

She then described the trip to Millery to get rid of the trunk with the body, thence to Marseilles, and then back to Paris.

"Now we are in America," said the expert sharply. "You are at San Francisco and about to leave Eyraud for another. Who is he?"

"Garanger. He is taking me to Valco, ver," was the reply, spoken as demurely as if she had said he was taking her for a walk.

"Don't you hear that awful noise of rushing water? Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, that's Niagara Falls."

Gabrielle explained that Garanger was rich and was good to her, but that, always haunted by the fear of Eyraud, and knowing that he was still in America, she determined to come back to Paris to denounce him.

Professor Liegeois then told his subject that she would have nothing more to fear and that all those who wished to harm her were dead. He then brought her out of her mesmeric condition, and she seemed none the worse for the experience, although in a sadly disheveled condition.

The whole scene was eminently Parisian. The audience came back to itself with delicious shudders and



"She put out her hands as if to protect herself from some threatened violence"



"Gabrielle's appearance was frightful, her face was convulsed as she dragged herself about the floor"

thrills, and murmured "encore." The bioscope pictures were successful, and showed for the first time a real hypnotic murderess in dress rehearsal.

It has been claimed by other experimenters that hypnosis can not compel the commission of a crime demanding a complex sequence of mental and physical acts. In other words, a subject could not be ordered to go to a distant place and kill a sleeping man, because the hypnotist would not be able to foretell and control the chain of incidents. The case of Gabrielle Bompard, however, was of a deed done directly under the eye and will of the master-mind, and is as spectacular a sensation for present-day Paris as if she had disposed of Gouffé without assistance. An officer of the Department of Justice, who was present at the seance, was asked: "Does not this exhibition mean that the punishment of the guilty who are at the same time clever will be made vastly more difficult, if hypnosis is to be accepted as removing all responsibility for murder?"

"Many accused persons feign insanity," he replied. "The law must employ expert assistance to determine the question of responsibility. I am convinced by the case of Gabrielle Bompard that there is genuine hypnotic irresponsibility in crime. The law must in future

call to its aid a new school of expert examiners. Their decision must be accepted, as it is in insanity cases."



"Gabrielle, always kneeling, with her head raised and an expression of disgust and horror on her face"

According to the theories of the faculty at Nancy, hypnotic suggestion made to-day will suffice to cause the

subject to do any given thing on the morrow or even at any later time indicated. When the story of the crime had been terminated, Professor Liegeois put Mlle. Bompard through some of the familiar tests known to the world of mesmerism, such as passing a hat-pin through the fleshy part of her arm without drawing blood.

And now Mlle. Bompard is going to lecture with a bioscope accompaniment illustrating the scene of the crime in all its shocking details. And all this is to be done in the name of science and with the sanction and approbation of Ernest Valle, France's Minister of Justice, and other men well known in journalistic and scientific circles, who were present at the first series of experiments made in the photographic studio.

Incidentally, Mlle. Bompard speaks of the crime with the greatest freedom and expresses a great loathing for the memory of Eyraud; she shuddered violently at a photograph of him, the first she had seen in more than fourteen years. She insists, however, that when she gave Gouffé the fatal appointment she had no idea that Eyraud intended to strangle him. She declares that Eyraud killed his victim with his bare hands, which seems to still further establish his right to the title of "The Strangler of Paris."



## "DON'T SWEAR!"

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

hates the auto. It gives him no show. It is a fizzle, a twentieth-century abomination—an invention with no room for an ad. I'm tired. Let's go home."

We settled our small account with the waiter and descended to the avenue, just as a large and violent automobile came to a full stop before us. There was evidently something wrong with the inwardness of that automobile; for the chauffeur began pulling and pushing levers, opening little cubby-holes and poking into them, turning valves and cocks, and pressing buttons and things. But he did not find the soft spot.

I saw that Perkins smiled gleefully as the chauffeur did things to the automobile. It pleased Perkins to see automobiles break down. He had no use for them. They gave him no opportunity to display his talents. He considered them mere interloping monstrosities. As we started homeward the chauffeur was on his back in the road with his head and arms under his automobile, working hard and swearing softly.

I did not see Perkins again for about four months, and when I did see him I tried to avoid him, for I was seated in my automobile, which I had just purchased. I feared that Perkins might think my purchase was disloyal to him, knowing, as I did, his dislike for automobiles; but he hailed me with a cheery cry.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The automobile! The greatest product of man's ingenious brain! The mechanical triumph of the twentieth century! Useful, ornamental, profitable!"

"Perky!" I cried, for I could scarcely believe my ears. "Is it possible? Have you so soon changed your idea of the auto? That isn't like you, Perky."

He caught his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and waved his fingers slowly back and forth. "My boy," he said, "Perkins of Portland conquers all things! Else why is he known as Perkins the Great? Genius, my boy, wins out. Before genius the automobile bows down like the camel and takes aboard the advertisement. Perkins has conquered the automobile!"

I looked over my auto carefully. I had no desire to be a traveling advertisement even to please my friend Perkins. But I could observe nothing in the promotion and publicity line about my automobile. I held out my hand. "Perkins," I said heartily, "I congratulate you. Is there money in it?"

He glowed with pleasure. "Money?" he cried. "Loads of it. Thousands for Perkins—thousands for the automobile makers—huge boom for the advertiser. Perkins put it to the auto makers like this: 'You make automobiles. All right. I'll pay you for space on them. Just want room for four words, but must be on every automobile sent out. Perkins will pay well.' Result—contract with every maker. Then to the advertiser: 'Mr. Advertiser, I have space on every automobile to be made by leading American factories for next five years. Price, \$100,000.' Advertiser jumped at it! And there you are!"

I do not know whether Perkins meant his last sentence as a finale to his explanation or as a scoff at my automobile. In either case I was certainly "there," for my auto took one of those unaccountable fits and would not move.

I dismounted and walked around the machine with a critical, inquiring eye. I poked gingerly into its ribs and exposed vitals; lifted up lids; turned thumbscrews and shook everything that looked as if its working qualities would be improved by a little shaking, but my automobile continued to balk.

A few small boys suggested that I try coaxing it with a lump of sugar or building a fire under it, or some of the other remedies for balking animals, but Perkins merely stood by with his hands in his pockets and smiled. He seemed to be expecting something.

I am not proud, and I have but little fear of

ridicule, but a man is only human. Fifth Avenue is not exactly the place where a man wishes to lie on the flat of his back. To be explicit, I may say that when I want to lie on my back in the open air I prefer to lie on a grassy hillside with nothing above me but the blue sky rather than on the asphalt pavement of Fifth Avenue with the engine room of an automobile half a foot above my face.

Perkins smiled encouragingly. The crowd seemed to be waiting for me to do it. I felt, myself, that I should have to do it. So I assumed the busy, intense, oblivious, hardened expression that is part of the game, and lay down on the top of the street. Personally I did not feel that I was doing it as gracefully as I might after more practice, but the crowd were not exacting. They even cheered me, which was kind of them; but it did not relieve me of the idiotic sensation of going to bed in public with my clothes on.

If I had not been such an amateur I should doubtless have done it better, but it was disconcerting, after getting safely on my back, to find that I was several feet away from my automobile. I think it was then that I swore, but I am not sure. I know I swore about that time, but whether it was just then, or while edging over to the automobile, I can not positively say.

I remember making up my mind to swear again as soon as I got my head and chest under the automobile, not because I am a swearing man, but to impress the crowd with the fact that I was not there because I liked it. I wanted them to think I detested it. I did detest it. But I did not swear. As my eyes looked upward for the first time at the underneath of my automobile I saw this legend painted upon it: "Don't Swear; Drink Glenguzzle."

Peering out from under my automobile I caught Perkins's eye. It was bright and triumphant. I looked about, and across the avenue I saw another automobile standing.

As I look back I think the crowd may have been justified in thinking me insane. At any rate they crossed the avenue with me and applauded me when I lay down under the other man's automobile. When I emerged they called my attention to several other automobiles that were standing near, and were really disappointed when I refused to lie down under them.

I did refuse, however, for I had seen enough. This automobile also bore on its under side the words: "Don't Swear; Drink Glenguzzle"; and I was willing to believe that they were on all the automobiles.

I walked across the avenue again and shook hands with Perkins. "It's great!" I said enthusiastically.

Perkins nodded. He knew what I meant. He knew I appreciated his genius. In my mind's eye I saw thousands and thousands of automobiles, in all parts of our great land, and all of them standing patiently while men lay on their backs under them, looking upward and wanting to swear. It was a glorious vision. I squeezed Perkins's hand.

"It's glorious!" I exclaimed.



The crowd seemed to be waiting for me to do it

PERKINS and I sat on the veranda of one of the little roadhouses on Jerome Avenue and watched the automobiles go by. There were many automobiles, of all sorts and colors, going at various speeds and in divers manners. It was a thrilling sight—the long rows of swiftly moving auto-vehicles running as smoothly as lines of verse all neatly punctuated here and there by an automobile at rest in the middle of the road, like a period bringing the line to a full stop. And some, drawn to the edge of the road, stood like commas. There were others, too, that went snapping by with a noise like a bunch of exclamation points going off in a keg. And not a few left a sulphurous, acrid odor like the aftertaste of a ripping Kipling ballad. I called Perkins's attention to this poetical aspect of the thing, but he did not care for it. He seemed sad. The sight of the automobiles aroused an unhappy train of thought in his mind.

Perkins is the advertising man. Advertising is not his specialty; it is his life; it is his science. That is why he is known from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, as Perkins the Great. There is but one Perkins—a single century could never produce two such as he. The job would be too big.

"Perky," I said, "you look sad."

He waved his hand toward the procession of horseless vehicles and nodded.

"Sad!" he ejaculated. "Yes! Look at them. You are looking at them. Everybody looks at them. Wherever you go you see them—hear them—smell them. On every road, in every town—everywhere—nothing but automobiles; nothing but people looking at them—all eyes on them. I'm sad!"

"They are beautiful," I ventured—"and useful."

Perkins shook his head.

"Useless! Wasted! Thrown away! Look at them again. What do you see?" He stretched out his hand toward the avenue. I knew Perkins wanted me to see something I could not see, so I looked long enough to be quite sure I could not see it and then I said, quite positively:

"I see automobiles—dozens of them."

"Ah!" Perkins cried with triumph. "You see automobiles! You see dozens of them! But you don't see an ad—not a single ad. You see dozens of moving things on wheels that people twist their necks to stare at; you see things that men, women, and children stand and gaze upon, and not an advertisement on any of them! Talk about wasted opportunity! Talk about good money thrown away! Just suppose every one of those automobiles carried a placard with 'Use Perkins's Patent Porous Plaster' upon it! Every man, woman, and child in New York would know of Perkins's Patent Porous Plaster by this evening! It would be worth a million cold dollars! Sad? Yes! There goes a million dollars wasted, thrown away, out of reach!"

"Perkins," I said, "you are right. It would be the greatest advertising opportunity of the age, but it can't be done. Advertising space on those automobiles is not for sale."

"No," he admitted, "it's not. That's why Perkins



# THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Author of "The Crisis"*

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE BORDERLAND, begun in Collier's for December 5, deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Alleghenies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. At the opening of the story, David is living with his father in the Blue Ridge country. News reaches them that the Cherokees are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy. He first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. When David learns that his father has been killed by the Indians, he joins a backwoodsman traveling with his granddaughter, Polly Ann, toward their cabin in the Blue Ridge. After the three have been settled there for some time, Polly Ann's lover, Tom McChesney, unexpectedly returns from an Indian campaign. He loses no time in marrying the girl. With David as their companion, the McChesney couple begin a journey across the mountains, in the course of which they are attacked by Indians, David and Polly doing some execution with firearms. They are rescued by a party of backwoodsmen under George Rogers Clark, with whom they proceed to Harrodstown, Kentucky. The garrison of this fort leads a precarious existence, owing to constant harassment by Indians who are in league with the English

## CHAPTER XI.—Fragmentary

**W**INTER came, and passed—somehow. I can not dwell here on the tediousness of it, and the one bright spot it has left in my memory concerns

Polly Ann. Did man, woman, or child fall sick, it was Polly Ann who nursed them. She had by nature the God-given gift of healing, knew by heart all the simple remedies that backwoods lore had inherited from the north of Ireland or borrowed from the Indians. Her sympathy and loving-kindness did more than these, her never-tiring and ever-cheerful watchfulness. She was deft, too, was Polly Ann, and spun many a cut of linen from nettle bark that could scarce be told from flax. Before the sap began to run again in the maples there was not a soul in Harrodstown who did not love her, and I truly believe that most of them would have risked their lives to do her bidding.

Then came the sugaring, the warm days and the freezing nights when the earth stirs in her sleep and the taps drip from red sunrise to red sunset. Old and young went to the camps, the women and children boiling and graining, the squads of men posted in guards round about. And after that the days flew so quickly that it seemed as if the woods had burst suddenly into white flower, and it was spring again. And then—a joy to be long remembered—I went on a hunting trip with Tom and Cowan and three others where the Kentucky tumbles between its darkly wooded cliffs. And other wonders of that strange land I saw then for the first time—great licks, trampled down for acres by the wild herds, where the salt water oozes out of the hoof-prints. On the edge of one of these licks we paused and stared breathless at giant bones sticking here and there in the black mud, and great skulls of fearful beasts half-imbedded. This was called the Big Bone Lick, and some travelers that went before us had made their tents with the thighs of these monsters of a past age.

A danger past is oft a danger forgotten. Men went out to build the homes of which they had dreamed through the long winter. Axes rang amid the white dogwoods and the crabs and redbuds, and there were riotous log-raising in the clearings. But I think the building of Tom's house was the most joyous occasion of all, and for none in the settlement would men work more willingly than for him and Polly Ann. The cabin went up as if by magic. It stood on a rise upon the bank of the river in a grove of oaks and hickories, with a big persimmon tree in front of the door. It was in the shade of this tree that Polly Ann sat watching Tom

and me through the mild spring days as we barked the roof, and none ever felt greater joy and pride in a home than she. We had our first supper on a wide puncheon under the persimmon tree on the few pewter plates we had fetched across the mountain, the blue smoke from our own hearth rising in the valley until the cold night air spread it out in a line above us, while the horses grazed at the river's edge.

After that we went to plowing, an occupation which Tom fancied but little, for he loved the life of a hunter best of all. But there was corn to be raised and fodder for the horses, and a truck-patch to be cleared near the house.

One day a great event happened—and after the manner of many great events, it began in mystery. Leaping on the roan mare, I was riding like mad for Harrodstown to fetch Mrs. Cowan. And she, when she heard the summons, abandoned a turkey on the spit, pitched her brats out of the door, seized the mare, and, dashing through the gates at a gallop, left me to make my way back afoot. Scentsing a sensation, I hurried along the wooded trace at a dog-trot, and when I came in sight of the cabin there was Mrs. Cowan sitting on the step holding in her long but motherly arms something bundled up in nettle linen, while Tom stood sheepishly by, staring at it.

"Shucks," Mrs. Cowan was saying loudly, "I reckon ye're as little use to-day as Swein Poulsson—standin' there on one foot. Ye anger me—just grinning at it like a fool—and yer own doin'. Have ye forgot how to talk?"

Tom grinned the more, but was saved the effort of a reply by a loud noise from the bundle.

"Here's another," cried Mrs. Cowan to me. "Ye needn't act as if it was an animal. Faith, yerself was like that once, all red an' crinkled. But I warrant ye didn't have the heft," and she lifted it judiciously. "A grand baby," attacking Tom again, "and ye're no more worthy to be his father than Davy, here."

Then I heard a voice calling me, and, pushing past Mrs. Cowan, I ran into the cabin. Polly Ann lay on the log bedstead, and she turned to mine a face radiant with a happiness I had not imagined.

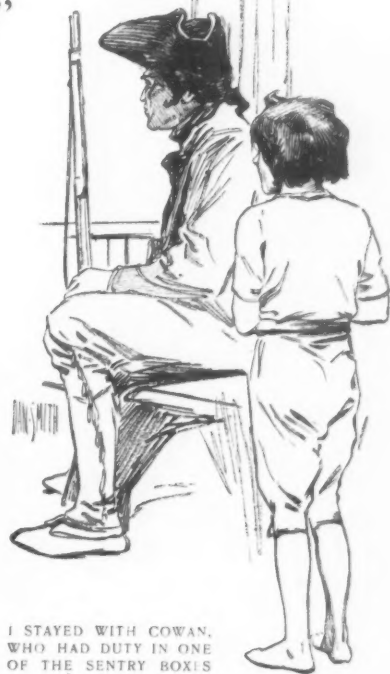
"Oh, Davy, have ye seen him? Have ye seen little Tom? Davy, I reckon I'll never be so happy again. Fetch him here, Mrs. Cowan."

Mrs. Cowan, with a glance of contempt at Tom and me, put the bundle tenderly down on the coarse brown sheet beside her.

Poor little Tom! Only the first fortnight of his existence was spent in peace. I have a pathetic memory of it all—of our little home, of our hopes for it, of our days of labor and nights of planning to make it complete. And then, one morning when the three of us were turning over the black loam in the patch, while the baby slept peacefully in the shade, a sound came to our ears that made us pause and listen with bated breath. It was the sound of many guns, muffled in the distant forest. With a cry Polly Ann flew to the hickory cradle under the tree, Tom sprang for the rifle that was never far from his side, while with a kind of instinct I ran to catch the spanceled horses by the river. In silence and sorrow we fled through the tall cane, nor dared to take one last look at the cabin, or the fields lying black in the spring sunlight. The shots had ceased, but ere we had reached the little clearing McCann had made they began again, though as distant as before. Tom went ahead, while I led the mare and Polly Ann clutched the child to her breast. But when we came in sight of the fort across the clearings the gates were closed. There was nothing to do but cower in the thicket, listening while the battle went on afar, Polly Ann trying to still the cries of the child, lest they should bring death upon us. At length the shooting ceased; stillness reigned; then came a faint halloo, and out of the forest beyond us a man rode, waving his hat at the fort. After him came others. The gates opened, and we rushed pell-mell across the fields to safety.

The Indians had shot at a party shelling corn at Captain Bowman's plantation, and killed two, while the others had taken refuge in the crib. Fired at from every brake, James Ray had ridden to Harrodstown for succor, and the savages had been beaten off. But only the foolhardy returned to their clearings now. We were on the edge of another dreaded summer of siege, the prospect of banishment from the homes we could almost see staring us in the face, and the labors of the spring lost again. There was bitter talk within the gates that night, and many declared angrily that Colonel Clark had abandoned us. But I remembered what he had said, and had faith in him.

It was that very night, too, I sat with Cowan, who had duty in one of the sentry boxes, and we heard a voice calling softly under us. Fearing treachery, Cowan cried out for a sign. Then the answer came back loudly to open to a runner with a message from



I STAYED WITH COWAN, WHO HAD DUTY IN ONE OF THE SENTRY BOXES

Colonel Clark to Captain Harrod. Cowan let the man in, while I ran for the captain, and in five minutes it seemed as if every man and woman and child in the fort were awake and crowding around the man by the gates, their eager faces reddened by the smoking pine knots. Where was Clark? What had he been doing? Had he deserted them?

"Deserted ye!" cried the runner, and swore a great oath. Wasn't Clark even then on the Ohio raising a great army with authority from the Commonwealth of Virginia to rid them of the red scourge? And would they desert him? Or would they be men and bring from Harrodstown the company he asked for? Then Captain Harrod read the letter asking him to raise the company, and before day had dawned they were ready for the word to march—ready to leave cabin and clearing, and wife and child, trusting in Clark's judgment for time and place. Never were volunteers mustered more quickly than in that cool April night by the gates of Harrodstown Station.

"And we'll fetch Davy along for luck," cried Cowan, catching sight of me beside him.

"Sure we'll be wanting a dhrummer b'y," said McCann.

And so they enrolled me.

## CHAPTER XII.—The Campaign Begins

**D**AVY, take care of my Tom," cried Polly Ann. I can see her now, standing among the women by the great hewn gateposts, with little Tom in her

arms, holding him out to us as we filed by. And the vision of his little, round face haunted Tom and me for many weary miles of our tramp through the wilderness. I have often thought since that that march of the volunteer company to join Clark at the Falls of the Ohio was a superb example of confidence in one man, and scarce to be equaled in history.

In less than a week we of Captain Harrod's little company stood on a forest-clad bank gazing spellbound at the troubled waters of a mighty river. That river was the Ohio, and it divided us from the strange north country whence the savages came. From below, the angry voice of the Great Falls cried out to us unceasingly. Smoke rose through the tree-tops of the island opposite, and through the new gaps of its forests cabins could be seen. And presently, at a signal from us, a big flatboat left its shore, swung out and circled on the polished current, and grounded at length in the mud below us. A dozen tall boatmen, buckskin-clad, dropped the big oars and leaped out on the bank with a yell of greeting. At the head of them was a man of huge frame, and long, light hair falling down over the collar of his hunting-shirt. He wrung Captain Harrod's hand.

"That there's Simon Kenton, Davy," said Cowan, as we stood watching them.

I ran forward for a better look at the backwoods Hercules, the tales of whose prowess had helped to while away many a winter's night in Harrodstown Station. Big-featured and stern, yet he had the kindly eye of the most indomitable of frontier fighters, and I doubted not the truth of what was said of him—that he could kill any redskin hand-to-hand.

"Clark's thar," he was saying to Captain Harrod. "God knows what his pluck is. He ain't said a word."

"He doesn't say whar he's going?" said Harrod.

"Not a notion," answered Kenton. "He's the greatest man to keep his mouth shut I ever saw. He kept



LOST IN THOUGHT, CLARK STOOD ON THE PARAPET

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at the Governor of Virginny till he gave him twelve hundred pounds in Continentals and power to raise troops. Then Clark fetched a circle for Fort Pitt, raised some troops thar and in Virginny and some about Red Stone, come down the Ohio here with 'em in a lot of flatboats. Now that ye've got here, the Kentucky boys is all in. I come over with Montgomery, and Dillard's here from the Holston country with a company."

"Well," said Captain Harrod, "I reckon we'll report." I went among the first boatload, and as the men strained against the current, Kenton explained that Colonel Clark had brought a number of emigrants down the river with him; that he purposed to leave them on this island with a little force, that they might raise corn and provisions during the summer, and that he had called the place Corn Island.

"Sure, there's the Colonel himself," cried Terence McCann, who was in the bow; and indeed I could pick out the familiar figure among the hundred frontiersmen that gathered among the stumps at the landing-place. As our keel scraped they gave a shout that rattled in the forest behind them, and Clark came down to the waterside.

"I knew that Harrodstown wouldn't fail me," he said, and called every man by name as we waded ashore. When I came splashing along after Tom he pulled me from the water with his two hands.

"Colonel," said Terence McCann, "we have brought ye a drummer b'y."

"We'd have no luck at all without him," said Cowan, and the men laughed.

"Can you walk a hundred miles without food, Davy?" asked Colonel Clark, eying me gravely.

"Faith he's lean as a wolf, and no stomach to hinder him," said Terence, seeing me look troubled. "I'll not be missing the bit of food the likes of him would eat."

"And as for the heft of him," added Cowan, "Mac and I'll not feel it."

Colonel Clark laughed. "Well, boys," he said, "if you must have him, you must. His Excellency gave me no instructions about a drummer, but we'll take you, Davy."

In those days he was a man that wasted no time, was Colonel Clark, and within the hour our little detachment had joined the others, felling trees and shaping the log-ends for the cabins. That night, as Tom and Cowan and McCann and James Ray lay around their fire, taking a well-earned rest, a man broke excitedly into the light with a kettle-shaped object balanced on his head, which he set down in front of us. The man proved to be Swein Poulssoon, and the object a big drum, and he straightway began to beat upon it a tattoo with improvised drumsticks.

"A Red Stone man," he cried, "a Red Stone man, he have it in the flatboat. It is for Tavy."

"The saints be good to us," said Terence, "if it isn't the King's own drum he has!" And sure enough, on the head of it gleamed the royal arms of England, and on the other side, as we turned it over, the device of a regiment. They flung the sling about my neck, and the next day, when the little army drew up for parade among the stumps, there I was at the end of the line, and prouder than any man in the ranks. And Colonel Clark, coming to my end of the line, paused and smiled and patted me kindly on the cheek.

"Have you put this man on the roll, Harrod?" says he.

"No, Colonel," answers Captain Harrod, amid the laughter of the men at my end.

"What?" says the Colonel; "what an oversight! From this day he is drummer-boy and orderly to the Commander-in-Chief. Beat the retreat, my man."

I did my best, and as the men broke ranks they crowded around me, laughing and joking, and Cowan picked me up, drum and all, and carried me off, I rapping furiously the while.

And so I became a kind of handy boy for the whole regiment from the Colonel down, for I was willing and glad to work. I cooked the Colonel's meals, roasting the turkey breasts and saddles of venison that the hunters brought in from the mainland, and even made him journey-cake, a trick which Polly Ann had taught me. And when I went about the island, if a man were loafing, he would seize his axe and cry, "Here's Davy, he'll tell the Colonel on me." Thanks to the jokes of Terence McCann, I gained an owl-like reputation for wisdom among these superstitious backwoodsmen, and they came verily to believe that upon my existence depended the success of the campaign. But day after day passed, and no sign from Colonel Clark of his intentions.

"There's a good lad," said Terence. "He'll be telling us where we're going."

I was asked the same question by a score or more, but Colonel Clark kept his own counsel. He himself was everywhere during the days that followed, superintending the work on the blockhouse we were building, and eying the men. Rumor had it that he was sorting out the sheep from the goats, silently choosing those who were to remain on the island and those who were to take part in the campaign.

At length the blockhouse stood finished amid the yellow stumps of the great trees, the trunks of which were in its walls. And suddenly the order went forth for the men to draw up in front of it by companies, with the families of the emigrants behind them. It was a picture to fix itself in a boy's mind, and one that I have never forgotten. The line of backwoodsmen, as fine a lot of men as I ever wish to see, bronzed by the June sun, strong and tireless as the wild animals of the forest, stood expectant with rifles grounded. And beside the tallest, at the end of the line, was a diminutive figure with a drum hung in front of it. The early summer wind rustled in the forest, and the never-ending song of the Great Falls sounded from afar. Apart, square-shouldered and indomitable, stood a young man of twenty-six.

"My friends and neighbors," he said, in a firm voice,

"there is scarce a man standing among you to-day who has not suffered at the hands of savages. Some of you have seen wives and children killed before your eyes—or dragged into captivity. None of you can to-day call the home for which he has risked so much his own. And who, I ask you, is to blame for this hideous war? Whose gold is it that buys guns and powder and lead to send the Shawnee and the Iroquois and Algonquin on the warpath?"

He paused, and a hoarse murmur of anger ran along the ranks.

"Whose gold but George's, by the grace of God King of Great Britain and Ireland? And what minions distribute it? Abbott at Kaskaskia, for one, and Hamilton at Detroit, the Hair Buyer, for another!"

When he spoke Hamilton's name his voice was nearly drowned by imprecations.

"Silence!" cried Clark sternly, and they were silent. "My friends, the best way for a man to defend himself is to maim his enemy. One year since, when you did me the honor to choose me Commander-in-Chief of your militia in Kentucky, I sent two scouts to Kaskaskia. A dozen years ago the French owned that place, and St. Vincent, and Detroit, and the people there are still French. My men brought back word that the French feared the Long Knives, as the Indians call

men went about plainly morose and discontented—some saying openly (and with much justice, though we failed to see it then) that they had their own families and settlements to defend from the Southern Indians and Chickamanga bandits, and could not undertake Kentucky's fight at that time. And when the enthusiasm had burned away a little the disaffection spread, and some even of the Kentuckians began to murmur against Clark, for faith or genius was needful to inspire men to his plan. One of the malcontents from Boonesboro came to our fire to argue.

"He's mad as a medicine man, is Clark, to go into that country with less than two hundred rifles. And he'll force us, will he? I'd as lief have the king for a master."

He brought every man in our circle to his feet—Ray, McCann, Cowan, and Tom. But Tom was nearest, and words not coming easily to him he fell on the Boonesboro man instead, and they fought it out for ten minutes in the firelight with half the regiment around them. At the end of it, when the malcontents were carrying their champion away, they were stopped suddenly at the sight of one bursting through the circle into the light, and a hush fell upon the quarrel. It was Colonel Clark.

"Are you hurt, McChesney?" he demanded.

"I reckon not much, Colonel," said Tom, grinning, as he wiped his face.

"If any man deserts this camp to-night," cried Colonel Clark, swinging around, "I swear by God to have him chased and brought back and punished as he deserves. Captain Harrod, set a guard."

I pass quickly over the rest of the incident. How the Holston men and some others escaped in the night in spite of our guard, and swam the river on logs. How at dawn we found them gone, and Kenton and Harrod and brave Captain Montgomery set out in pursuit, with Cowan and Tom and Ray. All day they rode, relentless, and the next evening returned with but eight weary and sullen fugitives of all those who had deserted.

The next day the sun rose on a smiling river, the polished reaches of the river golden mirrors reflecting the forest's green. And we were astir with the light, preparing for our journey into the unknown country. At seven we embarked by companies in the flatboats, waving a farewell to those who were to be left behind. Some stayed through inclination and disaffection; others because Colonel Clark did not deem them equal to the task. But Swein Poulssoon came. With tears in his little blue eyes he had begged the Colonel to take him, and I remember him well on that June morning, his red face perspiring under the white bristles of his hair as he strained at the big oar. For we must needs pull a mile up the stream ere we could reach the passage in which to shoot downward to the Falls. Suddenly Poulssoon dropped his handle, causing the boat to swing round in the stream, while the men cursed him. Paying them no attention, he stood pointing into the blinding disk of the sun. Across the edge of it a piece was bitten out in blackness.

"Mein Gott!" he cried, "the world is being ended just now."

"The holy saints remember us this day!" said McCann, missing a stroke to cross himself. "Will ye pull, ye cursed Dutchman? Or we'll be the first to slide into hell. This is no kind of a place at all at all."

By this time the men all along the line of boats had seen it, and many faltered. Clark's voice could be heard across the waters urging them to pull, while the bows swept across the current. They obeyed him, but steadily the blackness ate out the light, and a weird gloaming overspread the scene. River and forest became stern, the men silent. The more ignorant were in fear of a cataclysm, the others taking it for an omen.

"Shucks!" said Tom, when appealed to, "I've seed it afore, and it come all right again."

Clark's boat rounded the shoal: next our turn came, and then the whole line was gliding down the river, the rising roar of the angry waters with which we were soon to grapple coming to us with an added grimness. And now but a faint rim of light saved us from utter darkness. Big Bill Cowan, undaunted in his face, stared at me with fright written on his face.

"And what'll ye think of it, Davy?" he said.

I glanced at the figure of our commander in the boat ahead, and took courage.

"It's Hamilton's scalp hanging by a lock," I answered, pointing to what was left of the sun. "Soon it will be off, and then we'll have light again."

To my surprise he snatched me from the thwart and held me up with a shout, and I saw Colonel Clark turn and look back.

"Davy says the Ha'r Buyer's sculp hangs by the lock, boys," he shouted, pointing at the sun.

The word was cried from boat to boat, and we could see the men pointing upward and laughing. And then, as the light began to grow, we were in the midst of the tumbling waters, the steersmen straining now right, now left, to keep the prows in the smooth reaches between rock and bar. We gained the still pools below, the sun came out once more and smiled on the landscape, and the spirits of the men, reviving, burst all bounds.

Thus I earned my reputation as a prophet.

Four days and nights we rowed down the great river, our oars double-manned, for fear that our coming might be heralded to the French towns. We made our first camp on a green little island at the mouth of the Cherokee, as we then called the Tennessee, and there I set about cooking a turkey for Colonel Clark which Ray had shot. Chancing to look up, I saw the Colonel himself watching me.

"How is this, Davy?" said he. "I hear that you have saved my army for me before we have met the enemy."

"I did not know it, sir," I answered.

"Well," said he, "if you have learned to turn an evil

## HIS OLD-TIME DANCE

By FRANK L. STANTON

DE NEW YEAR come, en de New Year go,  
En I swear off high, en I swear off low;  
But—bless my day, en bless my chance!  
I can't swear off fum de ole-time dance!

(Swing dem sisters—swing em roun'!  
Let dem fiddles take de town!  
I done swear off, but—bless my chance!  
I warn't includin' de ole-time dance!)

De New Year say: "Dat's a purty way  
You gwine on sence yo' swear-off day!  
Satan is a-waitin'—ez sho' ez sin—  
Wid a big pitchfork fer ter take you in!"

But I tell him plain: "You kin say yo' say:—  
It's the Rheumatism I mus' dance away!  
I swore off true—but I watched my chance,  
En I didn't say nuthin' 'bout de ole-time dance!"

So, I swings dem sisters left en right,  
En de fiddles play till de broad daylight;  
Ef Satan git me, I'll take my chance;  
So, han's roun' all, in de ole-time dance!

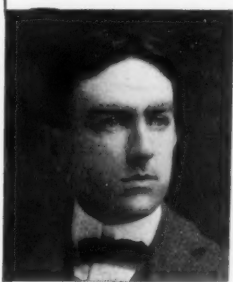


us. On the first of October I went to Virginia, and some of you thought again that I had deserted you. I went to Williamsburg and wrestled with Governor Patrick Henry and his council, with Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Mason and Mr. Wythe. Virginia had no troops to send us, and her men were fighting barefoot with Washington against the armies of the British king. But the Governor gave me twelve hundred pounds in paper and with it I have raised the little force that we have here. And with it we will carry the war into Hamilton's country. On the swift waters of this great river which flows past us have come tidings to-day, and God himself has sent them. To-morrow would have been too late. The ships and armies of the French king are on their way across the ocean to help us fight the tyrant, and this is the news that we bear to the Kaskaskians. When they hear this, the French of those towns will not fight against us. My friends, we are going to conquer an empire for liberty, and I can look onward," he cried in a burst of inspired eloquence, sweeping his arm to the northward toward the forests on the far side of the Ohio, "I can look onward to the day when these lands will be filled with the cities of a Great Republic. And who among you will falter at such a call?"

There was a brief silence, and then a shout went up from the ranks that drowned the noise of the Falls, and many fell into antics, some throwing their coon-skin hats in the air, and others cursing and scalping Hamilton in mockery, while I pounded on the drum with all my might. But when we had broken ranks the rumor was whispered about that the Holston company had not cheered, and indeed the rest of the day these



## With Brains and a Fountain Pen



PAUL C. GERHART

Now directing an advertising campaign for a manufacturer of stringed instruments.

Yet that is not an isolated instance. I do not claim that every man or woman who completes my course of instruction can immediately begin to make \$50 to \$100 weekly.

That would be dishonest. Everything depends upon the student. Those who study industriously and intelligently succeed almost at once. Those who simply glance over the lessons and do the work mechanically, will never achieve very much success in any line of business.

Advertising can't be learned by everybody, but there are thousands of clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers who have the ability to become ad-writers and managers at good salaries. They need only the right sort of a start, and I honestly believe my course of instruction in advertising will give them that.

In my last ad I told briefly of one most important feature of my instruction—the "development of the idea." I wonder if I emphasized it sufficiently. The "Spotless Town" idea which made Sapolo doubly famous, and the "Uneda Biscuit" idea which sold millions of crackers are but two of a long list of sensational successes which prove that my method of instruction is the right one.

Some of the best advertising ideas of the last decade have come from Mr. E. J. Bliss, treasurer and managing director of the Regal Shoe Company of Boston, who rightly considers the advertising of his business of sufficient importance to give it his personal attention. It was he who invented the "window of the sole" and the buzz saw idea, both of which helped to give the Regal Shoe an international reputation. So highly does the Regal Shoe Company value his services that the corporation recently caused his life to be insured for \$100,000.

No matter who or what you are, you may have a dormant idea that will make you famous. My course will develop it. All the capital you need is brains and a fountain pen.

A former student of my methods is now president of a \$250,000 corporation. Another student increased a \$15,000 business to \$33,000 per annum. Other graduates are making big salaries.

Some time ago I received the following letter:

"DEAR MR. BATES:  
I am going to learn advertising, but I can't seem to decide whose course to take. I learn that you are widely known as an extremely successful advertising specialist, but I have received some very convincing matter from — and —. Furthermore, your course is the highest priced of the three. Please tell me wherein it is superior to the courses just mentioned."  
WILLIAM C. B.—

Here is my reply:

DEAR MR. B—:  
Yes, my advertising course costs more than any of the others. That is because I give every student practical and valuable instruction, and it can't be done for less. Instead of making invidious comparisons I will let you judge for yourself just how good my course is. Send me \$2 merely as a guarantee of good faith and I will give you four weeks' trial instruction. Isn't my willingness to do this pretty good evidence that my course is all I claim for it?  
CHARLES AUSTIN BATES.

Mr. B— sent me the \$2, received his four weeks' instruction, and has now enrolled for the full course.

Since then I have been making the same proposition to every interested person, for I believe prospective students should be offered every facility to investigate before paying \$40 in advance.

If you want to learn to earn \$25 to \$100 weekly, send \$2 for four weeks' trial instruction. That will show you just what my course is, and just how I handle my students. If I find that you lack the ability to become a successful advertiser, I will tell you so frankly. I know so well how valuable my instruction is that I am cheerfully taking all the risk.

I simply want a chance to demonstrate what I can do for you. Will you send me \$2 to find out whether or not this is the course you want, or do you prefer to spend from \$30 to \$50 for a course you don't know anything about?

This is a proposition you don't need time to consider. Send me \$2 today. A two-cent stamp will secure my 66-page prospectus.

W. M. NIXDORF  
Who says "the more I think of the actual good I derived from the course, the more wonderful do I consider your method."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

175 William Street

NEW YORK

omen into a good sign, you know more than some generals. What ails you now?"

"There's a pirogue, sir," I cried, staring and pointing.

"Where?" said he, alert all at once. "Here, McChesney, take a crew and put out after them."

He had scarcely spoken ere Tom and his men were rowing into the sunset, the whole of our little army watching from the bank. Presently the other boat was seen coming back with ours, and five strange woodsmen stepped ashore, our men pressing around them. But Clark flew to the spot, the men giving back.

"Who's the leader here?" he demanded.

A tall man stepped forward.

"I am," said he, bewildered but defiant.

"Your name?"

"John Duff," he answered, as though against his will.

"Your business?"

"Hunters," said Duff; "and I reckon we're in our rights."

"I'll judge of that," said our Colonel.

"Where are you from?"

"That's no secret, neither. Kaskasky, ten days gone."

At that there was a murmur of surprise from our companies. Clark turned.

"Get your men back," he said to the captains who stood about them. And all of them not moving: "Get your men back, I say. I'll have it known who's in command here."

At that the men retired. "Who commands at Kaskasky?" he demanded of Duff.

"Monseur Rocheblave, a Frenchy holding a British commission," said Duff. "And the British Governor Abbott has left Post St. Vincent and gone to Detroit. Who be you?"

he added suspiciously. "Be you Rebels?"

"Colonel Clark is my name, and I am in the service of the Commonwealth of Virginia."

Duff uttered an exclamatory oath and his manner changed. "Be you Clark?" he said, with respect. "And you're going after Kaskasky? Wal, the milit' is prime, and the Injun scouts is keeping a good lookout. But Colonel, I'll tell ye something, the Frenchies is eternal afear'd of the Long Knives. My God! they've got the notion that if you ketch 'em you'll burn and scalp 'em same as the Red Sticks."

"Good," was all that Clark answered.

"I reckon I don't know much about what the Rebels is fighting for," said John Duff, "but I like your looks, Colonel, and whenever you're going there'll be a fight. Me and my boys would kinder like to go along."

Clark did not answer at once, but looked John Duff and his men over carefully.

"Will you take the oath of allegiance to Virginia and the Continental Congress?" he asked at length.

"I reckon it won't pizen us," said John Duff.

"Hold up your hands," said Clark, and they took the oath. "Now, my men," said he, "you will be assigned to companies. Does any one among you know the old French trail from Massacre to Kaskasky?"

"Why," exclaimed John Duff, "why, Johnny Saunders here can tread it in the dark like the road to the grogshop."

John Saunders, loose-limbered, grinning sheepishly, shuffled forward, and Clark shot a dozen questions at him one after another. Yes, the trail had been blazed the Lord knew how long ago by the French, and given up when they left Massacre.

"Look you," said Clark to him, "I am not a man to stand trifling. If there is any deception in this, you will be shot without mercy."

"And good riddance," said John Duff. "Boys, we're Rebels now. Steer clear of the Ha'r Buyer."

### CHAPTER XIII.—Kaskaskia

FOR one more day we floated downward on the face of the waters between the forest walls of the wilderness, and at length we landed in a little gully on the north shore of the river, and there we hid our boats.

"Davy," said Colonel Clark, "let's walk about a bit. Tell me where you learned to be so silent?"

"My father did not like to be talked to," I answered, "except when he was drinking."

He gave me a strange look. Many the stroll I took with him afterward, when he sought to relax himself from the cares which the campaign had put upon him. This night was still and clear, the west all yellow with the departing light, and the mists coming on the river. And presently, as we strayed down the shore we came upon a strange sight, the same being a huge fort rising from the water-side, all overgrown with brush and saplings and tall weeds. The palisades that held its earthenwork were rotten and crumbling, and the mighty bastions of its corners sliding away. Behind the fort, at the end furthest from the river, we came upon graveled walks hidden by the rank growth, where the soldiers of his most Christian Majesty once paraded. Lost in thought, Clark stood on the parapet, watching the water gliding by until the darkness hid it—nay, until the stars came and made golden dimples upon its surface. But as we went back to the camp again he told me how the French had tried once to

### Burnett's Vanilla Extract

is the best, and the best is none too good for your food and drink. Insist on having Burnett's.—Ad.

A crowning achievement of American industry, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It is famous for exquisite bouquet.—Ad.

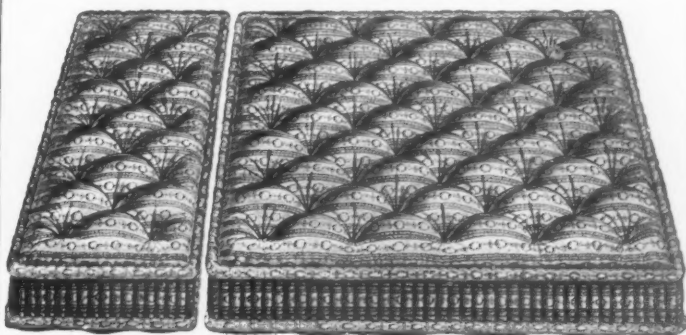
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Each as perfect as can be made  
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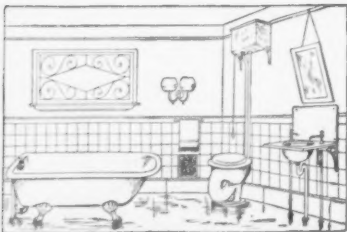
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conquer this vast country and failed, leaving to the Spaniards the endless stretch beyond the Mississippi, called Louisiana, and this part to the English. And he told me likewise that this fort in the days of its glory had been called *Massacre*, from a bloody event which had happened there more than three score years before.

"Threescore years!" I exclaimed, longing to see the men of this race which had set up these monuments only to abandon them.

"Ay, lad," he answered, "before you or I was born, and before our fathers were born, the French missionaries and soldiers threaded this wilderness. And they called this river 'La Belle Rivière,'—the Beautiful River."

"And shall I see that race at Kaskaskia?" I asked, wondering.

"That you shall," he cried, with a force that left no doubt in my mind.

In the morning we broke camp and started off for the strange place which we hoped to capture. A hundred miles it was across the trackless wilds, and each man was ordered to carry on his back provisions for four days only.

"Herr Gott!" cried Svein Poulsen, from the bottom of a flatboat, whence he was tossing out venison fitches, "four day, and vat is it ve eat then?"

"Frenchies, sure," said Terence; "there'll be plenty av thim for a season. Faith, I do hear they're tinner as lambs."

"You'll no set tooth in the Frenchies," the pessimistic McAndrew put in, "wi' five thousand redskins aboot, and they lying in wait. The Colonel's no vera mindful of that, I'm thinking."

"Will ye hush, ye ill-omened hound?" cried Cowan angrily. "Pitch him in the crick, Mac."

Tom was diverted from this duty by a loud quarrel between Captain Harrod and five men of the company who wanted scout duty, and on the heels of that came another turmoil occasioned by Cowan's dropping my drum into the water. While he and McCann and Tom were fishing it out, Colonel Clark himself appeared, quelled the mutiny that Harrod had on his hands, and bade the men sternly to get into ranks.

"What foolishness is this?" he said, eying the dripping drum.

"Sure, Colonel," said McCann, swinging it on his back, "we'd have no heart in us at Kaskaskia without the rattle of it in our ears. Bill Cowan and me will not be feeling the heft of it between us."

"Get into ranks," said the Colonel, amusement struggling with the anger in his face as he turned on his heel. His wisdom well knew when to humor a man, and when to chastise.

"Arrah," said Terence, as he took his place, "I'd as soon I've me gun behind as Davy and the drum."

Methinks I can see now, as I write, the long file of woodsmen with their swinging stride, planting one foot before the other, even as the Indian himself threaded the wilderness. Though my legs were short, I had both sinew and training, and now I was at one end of the line and now at the other. And often with a laugh some giant would hand his gun to a neighbor, swing me to his shoulder, and so give me a lift for a weary mile or two; and perchance whisper to me to put down my hand into the wallet of his shirt, where I would find a choice morsel which he had saved for his supper. Sometimes I trotted beside the Colonel himself, listening as he talked to this man or that, and thus I got the gravest notion of the daring of this undertaking, and of the dangers ahead of us. This north country was infested with Indians, allies of the English and friends of the French their subjects; and the fact was never for an instant absent from our minds that our little band might at any moment run into a thousand warriors, be overpowered and massacred; or, worst of all, that our coming might have been heralded to Kaskaskia.

For three days we marched in the green shade of the primeval wood, nor saw the sky save in blue patches here and there. Again we toiled for hours through the coffee-colored waters of the swamps. But the third day brought us to the first of those strange clearings which the French call prairies, where the long grass ripples like a lake in the summer wind. Here we first knew raging thirst, and longed for the loam-specked water we had scorned, as our tired feet tore through the grass. For Saunders, our guide, took a line across the open in plain sight of any eye that might be watching from the forest cover. But at length our column wavered and halted by reason of some disturbance at the head of it. Conjectures in our company, the rear-guard, became rife at once.

"Run, Davy darlin', an' see what the trouble is," said Terence.

Nothing loth, I made my way to the head of the column, where Bowman's company had broken ranks and stood in a ring up to their thighs in the grass. In the centre of the ring, standing on one foot before our angry Colonel, was Saunders.

"Now, what does this mean?" demanded Clark; "my eye is on you, and you've boxed the compass in this last hour."

"I'm guiding you right," he answered, with that sullenness which came to his kind from fear, "but a man will slip his bearings sometime in this country."

Clark's eye shot fire, and he brought down the stock of his rifle with a thud.

"By the eternal God!" he cried, "I believe you are a traitor. I've been watching you every step, and you've acted strangely this morning."

"Ay, ay," came from the men round him. "Silence!" cried Clark, and turned again to the cowering Saunders. "You pretend to know the way to Kaskaskia, you bring us to the middle of the Indian country where we may be wiped out at any time, and now you have the confounded effrontery to tell me that you have lost your way. I am a man of my word," he added with a vibrant inten-

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sity, and pointed to the limbs of a giant tree which stood at the edge of the distant forest. "I will give you half an hour, but as I live, I will leave you hanging there."

The man's brown hand trembled as he clutched his rifle barrel. "'Tis a hard country, sir," he said. "I'm lost. I swear it on the Evengels."

"A hard country!" cried Clark. "A man would have to walk over it but once to know it. I believe you are a cursed traitor and perjurer—in spite of your oath, a British spy."

Saunders wiped the sweat from his brow on his buckskin sleeve.

"I reckon I could get the trace, Colonel, if you'd let me go a little way into the prairie."

"Half an hour," said Clark, "and you'll not go alone." Sweeping his eye over Bowman's company, he picked out a man here and a man there to go with Saunders. Then his eye lighted on me. "Where's McChesney?" he said. "Fetch McChesney!"

I ran to get Tom, and seven of them went away, with Saunders in the middle, Clark watching them like a hawk, while the men sat down in the grass to wait. Fifteen minutes went by, and twenty, and twenty-five, and Clark was calling for a rope, when some one caught sight of the squad in the distance returning at a run. And when they came within hail it was Saunders's voice we heard shouting, brokenly:

"I've struck it, Colonel, I've struck the trace. There's a pecan at the edge of the bottom with my own blaze on it."

"May you never be as near death again," said the Colonel grimly, as he gave the order to march.

The fourth day passed, and we left behind us the patches of forest and came into the open prairie—as far as the eye could reach a long, level sea of waving green. The scanty provisions ran out, hunger was added to the pangs of thirst and weariness, and here and there in the straggling file discontent smoldered and an angry undertone was heard. Kaskaskia was somewhere to the west and north; but how far? Clark had misled them. And in addition it were foolish to believe that the garrison had not been warned. English soldiers and French militia and Indian allies stood ready for our reception. Of such was the talk as we lay down in the grass under the stars on the fifth night. For in the rank and file an empty stomach is not hopeful.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

□ □

## The Little Jap Fighting Man

By Ralph D. Paine

WHEN the allies had to fight hard at Tien-tsin to escape being whipped by despised Chinese troops, the Americans and Europeans believed what they had heard of the quality of the Japanese fighting man. They joined forces with him, rather inclined to class him as an experiment in modern warfare, they took off their hats to his courage, discipline, dash, and endurance when they left him. But this campaign was not needed to prove that the "ready-made" army and navy of the Japanese was equal to any tests of actual service.

In the Chinese War, one of the national heroes of Japan was in command of a tin-pot of a merchant steamer which had been pressed into service as a transport, mounting a couple of rapid-fire popguns. This sailor, now Rear-Admiral Kabayama, was not looking for action, but unexpectedly he found himself on the edge of the fight of the Yalu. Before he could get out of the way, his transport was cut off from the Japanese fleet and cornered under the fire of Chinese battleships and cruisers. The feeble craft seemed a hopeless insurance risk, but Captain Kabayama had no idea of surrender or inactivity. He dodged in and out of the fighting line, trying to pick a way to sea, but doing his share of the pounding whenever he got a chance. His rapid-fire guns barked incessantly. He riddled and sunk a torpedo boat that was rash enough to make for him, and banged away at battleships with amazing audacity. When a shell burst on his deck, and swept away a gun-crew, he ordered two of his officers to fetch their cameras and get some realistic pictures.

### Fighting a Battleship with a Transport

Another torpedo boat shot out of the ruck and let go her torpedoes at point-blank range. "Here is where we all go up in the air together," said Captain Kabayama. But the torpedo dived clean under the ship, and to show that this trifling escape did not daunt the Japanese skipper, he sent his ship full speed ahead and tried to ram the biggest Chinese battleship in the line. The quarry dodged, and, feeling that he had done his share with the limited means at his command, Kabayama worked his way through the battle and rejoined the Japanese fleet, his transport badly cut up, and many of his crew killed, but still in commission.

Vice-Admiral Togo, now commanding a squadron almost sure to be engaged in the next great naval fight, was a captain in the Chinese War. He commanded a second-class cruiser, the *Nanica*, which was in more hot fighting than any other ship of the Japanese navy, and earned his title as the "Fighting Admiral." He has a high-handed way of doing things, and is not a safe man to take chances with in war. The British ship *Kowshing* and two others had been loaded up with troops and stores for the Chinese, and sent off for Korea. When in sight of the Korean coast, the cruiser *Nanica* came in sight of the convoy, and promptly hove a few shells across the bows of the *Kowshing*, as a signal to stop and be captured. The order was obeyed, and Captain Togo signaled: "Remain where you are or take the consequences."



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The *Kawshing* was ordered a little later to follow the cruiser, but the panic-stricken Chinese would not let the British skipper obey the command, and threatened to murder him if he did not turn tail and run for it. Captain Togo was not playing at war, and when he was disobeyed he opened up with the five guns he could bring to bear, signaling for all Europeans to leave the *Kawshing*. The terrified ship tried to get out of range. Captain Togo chased her, and, feeling annoyed over the situation, let go a torpedo from one of his bow tubes. Herr von Hanneken, a Prussian officer in the Chinese service, was on board the *Kawshing*. A few seconds after the *Nanhai* torpedo hissed into the sea, he relates, "the day became night. Pieces of coal, splinters of what had been the ship, columns of water, filled the air. I believe all of us leaped overboard, or were hurled skyward. Many of the crew reached land by swimming. The Japanese captain would give no aid in rescuing the Chinese. He was not at that time educated up to the humanities of warfare."

### No Fear of Death

Songs are sung and stories told to this day of a Japanese sailor in the Yalu battle. While standing on the rail of his ship he was struck by a fragment of shell, fatally torn, and knocked off into the sea. He rose for a moment in a whirl of bloody foam, and shouted to his comrades, "Japan forever!" then sank. It was the same quality of patriotism that showed in the tale, told in broken English, by a Japanese navy lieutenant, whom an American correspondent met in Nagasaki not long ago. This young officer was in command of one of the torpedo boats which attacked in the harbor of Wei-Hai-Wei. As all naval experts take for granted, such attack means the destruction of most of the torpedo-boat force, and success is achieved if one of them lives long enough to send its deadly weapon home. This is what happened at Wei-Hai-Wei. Said the lieutenant:

"The fire was very heavy. The two torpedo boats nearest mine were riddled, and sunk with all on board before they were within striking distance. We were hit many times, and had some killed and wounded. But the engines were working still, and the steering-gear was not smashed, and enough of us were left to attend to these things and also serve the torpedo tubes, so we were very lucky. It was the happiest moment of my life, when we were still afloat within six hundred yards of the biggest and finest battleship left in the Chinese navy. We fired two torpedoes, just an instant before a shell went through our boilers."

"Mine was the only attacking vessel left in action. My boat blew up, and sunk before the torpedoes were much more than out of the tubes. I went to the bottom and came up again, and while I was trying to swim out of the storm of shells I saw the battleship sinking like a stone. One torpedo had blown her bottom out. There were only four of my crew of nearly thirty found alive, but they died happy, because they had helped Japan."

The immortal deed of the Japanese private who blew open the Tien-tsin gate, when it was certain that he would be blown up with it, had an earlier counterpart in as desperate a feat of valor at the siege of Ping-Yang in the Chinese War. The Ping-Yang defenders made bloody and hard-held resistance. The Japanese troops tried to storm the massive walls and the stout gate again and again, but were driven back with discouraging losses. After one retreat from the walls, a private of infantry, named Harada, remained behind, crouching under the shelter of the overhanging battlements.

### How Harada Opened the Gate

The Chinese warriors within were shouting over their triumph, when Harada scaled the wall unseen and dropped into the midst of a hundred of the defenders. They were taken by surprise. Before they realized who Harada was, he had shot three of them, bayoneted another, clubbed his rifle and smashed his way to the gate. It was the work of a moment to throw down the great iron bar which held the gate closed, and he flung it open for his comrades to finish the job. Harada did not rush out to join them, but held the gate with his back to the wall, until the attacking force scattered in and took the fort with bloody success. Strange to say, they found the lone private alive and still fighting, although badly cut and battered. He was decorated by the Emperor, and, in addition to the bullets made about him, he is held up to the schoolboys of Japan as the kind of citizen the country needs in her defence.

The mothers of Japan have played their part in the heroic annals of their soldier sons. When an infantry regiment was marching through an inland village on its way to the front in 1894, a woman insisted on seeing a lieutenant of the company in which her son was a private. The officer consented with reluctance, because he feared that she would plead that her only boy might be allowed to stay at home. But what she had to say and what her heart was full of was this:

"I have come to thank you for your kindness to my son, and to ask you to see that he does his duty well. I am a widow and he is my only son, but I have told him that when he goes into battle he must be quite willing and ready to die for his Emperor and his country. I have told him, too, that I shall die of shame if he disgraces himself as a coward."

Another mother, whose son was her sole support, was told that her son must return to the colors when the recent mobilization was ordered, in preparation for war with Russia.

"The duty to the flag," she said, "comes before the lesser duties to the home. Though I should die of starvation, you must not hesitate. You must think of your country, not of me!"

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## Good Use for Old Rubbers

THERE is more commercial value to old rubbers to-day than ever, and the man who assiduously lays aside all his discarded rubbers, rubber coats, boots, and other articles of general use, may find the waste heap a small savings bank. The reason for this is that rubber is getting scarce, owing to the rapid growth of manufacturing interests, and to the gradual exhaustion of the supply of crude rubber. The rubber scrap heap is becoming an important factor in the situation. Last year we imported 24,659,374 pounds of scrap India-rubber, and used as much more from the scrap piles of this country. The imported scrap rubber was worth more than a million and a half dollars. According to this estimate the discarded rubber equipment of each American should be worth several dollars.

Meanwhile, discoverers and inventors are at work to increase the supply. It is conceivable possible to establish a great rubber-growing industry in the Philippine Islands, and American army officers are exploring lands suitable for growing forests of rubber trees. At the present writing the Department of Agriculture intimates that our future rubber interests in our new Far Eastern possessions will be worth all that we ever paid for their acquisition.

From Borneo and other parts of the East Indies there comes a new product as a good substitute for India-rubber. It is called gutta-jootong, and it is used in combination with gutta-percha with excellent results. It is a thick, sticky, whitish substance, resembling marshmallow candy. Some 14,000,000 pounds of this were imported last year. It may be after all that our cast-off rubbers and boots may not be so valuable, as a good deal of this gutta-jootong may be mixed in with the rubber, and as second-hand material it is not worth nearly as much as pure rubber. American inventors, not to be outdone, have already succeeded in making artificial rubber through the use of the electrical furnace. This is made by fusing in the electric furnace a number of raw by-products and producing a substance that possesses many of the characteristics of India-rubber. It may not be as good as the finest Para rubber, but for common uses it is said to be satisfactory.

## TO A FISH ON A HOOK

By Maurice Smiley

PITY thee. Why didst thou catch at gleams  
That shone more brightly than thy native food?  
Thou couldst have sought thine instinct's duller good  
And still have sported in thy tuneful streams.  
Of what avail the fairer thing that seems  
Thine element, when water beetles should  
Suffice thee and in their sufficing would  
Have left thee free? Of what avail the beams  
That only ape the real?—Nay, I chide  
Thee thoughtlessly, for thou hast paid thy debt  
To folly. I have oft been lured like thee.  
I oft have caught at dreams that did but hide  
Within their fairness bars of sharp regret,  
And we are fellows in one misery.

## A Precise Answer

WHEN the President of the St. Louis Exposition was in Denver some years ago with the Knights Templar, he and a party of friends decided to go up to Georgetown to see the famous "Loop." There was some trouble about getting cars enough to accommodate the great numbers of people who wanted to make this excursion, and the waiting about the station which was the result of the delay was most tiresome.

The man at the gate was besieged with questions in regard to the starting-time of the train and all that sort of thing, and as he really knew little, if anything, more than the tourists themselves, his patience soon gave out and he flatly refused to hear what was said to him.

"He won't answer me, Governor," said a pretty woman who had just taken her turn at making inquiries.

"Well, he will answer me or I shall know the reason why," replied the Hon. Mr. Francis cordially; and, making his way through the crowd, he said to the man: "Will you be good enough to tell me when the ten o'clock train for Georgetown is generally supposed to go?"

The man at the gate looked the Governor all over, almost insolently, and did not open his lips.

A serious expression overspread Mr. Francis's face. "Did you understand me to ask what time the ten o'clock train is scheduled to start? We have already waited over an hour, and it is rather a bore."

The man at the gate did not even look at him this time.

Two red spots appeared on the Governor's cheeks, as he said sharply: "Young man, will you kindly give me your attention? I am Mr. Francis—David R. Francis, Governor of Missouri—and I wish you to tell me what time the ten o'clock train is supposed to move in this town."

"Well, sir, seeing that you are the Governor of Missouri," said the man at the gate, "I don't mind telling you that the ten o'clock train is usually counted on to make a start at nine-sixty."

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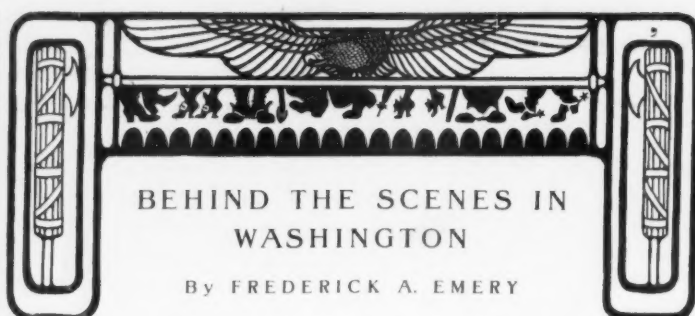
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## BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON

By FREDERICK A. EMERY

### Divine Interference

SCRIPTURAL quotations have subverted many a purpose, but a new field for their adaptation has been opened up by an official genius down in the Interior Department. He is a Hoosier, John W. Holcombe by name, and chief of the division of appointments. Now to that habitat of archives come many souls who covet increases in salary and who don't hesitate to voice their argument for personal preferment. There is a steady stream of these would-be "promotees"—some deserving, some otherwise—and the presiding genius of the appointment end of the Interior establishment chafed under the demands on his time. He pondered long over the clamor for promotion, and the net result of his deliberations is the following appropriate inscription that now hangs in the appointment division:

"Lift not up your horn on high. Speak not with a stiff neck. For promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the South. But God is the judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another."—Psalm lxxv, 5, 6, and 7.

### A Good Suggestion

WILLIS L. MOORE, the Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, and occasionally the Acting Secretary of Agriculture, is one of the latest victims of the repartee of the New Yorker. Moore was the guest of the Quoyne Club, of Gotham, an organization that mingles no small amount of wit among its personnel. He was expected to make the conventional "few remarks," and a long schedule of dinner engagements had about drained his available supply of themes. He turned to one of the other guests and quietly remarked, "I am booked to say something. I am shy on texts. What would you speak about?"

"That's easy, Professor," replied the other. Moore's bosom heaved and a flush of manly pride surmounted his cheek. Softly and expectantly he repeated, "What would you speak about?"

"Professor," answered his friend quickly, "I should speak about a minute."

### Intelligent Anticipation

TO PARRY embarrassing questions is one of the qualifications of the successful diplomat, and Secretary Hay's long experience, both here and at the Court of St. James's, has made him a past-master of the art. The birth of a new republic on the Isthmus of Panama again proved his ability in this field. The rank and file of the newspaper correspondents at the National Capital fired volleys of pointed interrogations at him regarding the part played by this Government in the creation of the Panama Republic.

"Mr. Secretary," he was asked, "the presence of our vessels in that particular spot at the right moment, with numerous other coincidences, looks rather suspicious. Now, did these things happen by accident or by design? Was the United States forewarned?" There was a twinkle in the eye of the premier of two Administrations. His manner bore a frankness out of keeping with the customary reserve of the strategist in affairs of state. It looked like the forerunner of a great newspaper scoop.

"The United States Government," he answered, in a low voice, "was not forewarned, but it exercised an intelligent anticipation of probable events."

### The Race Question Solved

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON has solved the problem raised by the Booker Washington incident at the White House. During a trip in Dixieland he reached New Orleans a day ahead of his schedule, and there was no one at the station to meet him. He sauntered up to a stranger. "Where can I get a carriage to the hotel?" he asked.

"Well, stranger," answered the Crescent City citizen, "I reckon you might as well take a kyar. This here one comin' will take you right thar."

So the Secretary, alone in a strange land, clambered into the car. He took the first convenient seat, and was seeing the sights when he felt a tap on his shoulder. The conductor was bending over him.

"Have to move along here, sir," said that functionary.

"But I'm perfectly comfortable," protested "Tama Jim," "and this seat was vacant as I entered the car."

"Can't help it, sir," said the conductor, "this seat's reserved. Rules air rules around 'hyar and you're violatin' the law."

The Iowa statesman's eyes opened a little wider at that, but concluded, as a law-abiding citizen, to keep-a-steppin', and he took a seat ahead. A minute later he glanced back and saw a burly negro take the seat he had

vacated. The Secretary was surprised. The next day an old friend was with him, and they entered a car together. The Secretary mentioned the incident. His friend pointed to the word "colored" at the rear and "white" at the front of the car. "Yes," replied Wilson, "but where is the dividing line? How is one to know when he strikes the boundary?"

A wire screen was pointed out. "Ah!" ejaculated Wilson, "that's an idea for diners. That scheme solves the race question at public functions. Hereafter you can entertain your white guests at one end of the table and erect a screen to separate them from the colored guests."

### A Senatorial Oligarchy

REPRESENTATIVE DEARMOND of Missouri is not only a polished speaker in the Democratic ranks but a champion of the rights of the House as against infringement by the Senate. A master of sarcasm, he is a steadfast defender of the faith of the Constitution makers. The other day he was pointing out that unless the Constitution framers and the great expounders, Madison and Lincoln, were mistaken, and the lesson of the Revolution had been lost, the power of the House in originating revenue bills is real instead of a shadow.

"The Senate is made up in the main of very eminent men," said DeArmond. "Most of them derive their lineage from the House of Representatives. They would make a virtuous oligarchy, I doubt not, but I do not believe that the American people are yet prepared to have it written as the preamble to their laws: 'Be it enacted by the Senate of the United States in executive session assembled.'"

### A Serious Deadlock

PERRY CARSON, a strapping six-footer who draws a meagre salary from the District of Columbia Government as janitor of the municipal building, is one of the "war-horses" of the colored politicians of Washington. He is known as Colonel Perry, and he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, along with "Andy" Gleason, a contractor who dabbled in District politics for many years.

The District delegation, which comprised only these two, found itself against a snag when it came to a question of selecting a chairman to cast the vote of the District. The delegation—viz., Perry and Gleason—wrestled long on the question but couldn't get together. Finally Perry appeared on the floor.

"Mr. Chairman," he announced, "the District of Columbia delegation is unable to agree. Gleason, he's for hisself, and I'm for myself. I therefore ask for two hours more time."

### Getting Out the Vote

REPRESENTATIVE DICK of Ohio, who introduced a resolution for a Congressional investigation of the disfranchisement of negroes in some of the Southern States, can play the game of politics on a large or small scale, as the occasion requires. Some men who can map out a campaign plan for a State will bungle in trying to handle a precinct. Others, who can handle a precinct, know nothing of work in a larger field. Dick is at home in either place.

On the first day of registration in the last campaign, thousands of Republicans were called to the telephones in their homes or places of business.

"Good-morning, Mr. Blank, have you registered?" a pleasant-voiced young woman would ask. "If you haven't, won't you do so at once? Senator Hanna wishes you to register to-day if possible."

The pleasant-voiced young woman answered no questions and Mr. Blank never heard from her again until election day if he registered on the first day of registration. If he failed to register, the young woman called him on the next registration day.

"Mr. Blank, you forgot to register the other day," she would say. "Please don't forget again. Senator Hanna wishes you to register to-day."

If Mr. Blank failed to vote early on election day, the young woman reminded him of his duty and jogged the memories of all the Republicans in Mr. Blank's office who had failed to vote early.

It was simple. Dick instructed the campaign managers of Cleveland to prepare a list of all Republicans who could be reached by telephone and ordered the establishment of a telephone exchange with thirty-five operators. The sign, "Dressmaking," over the exchange entrance prevented Democratic workers from wandering into the rooms by mistake. Republican workers at the voting booths reported to headquarters the names of Republicans who failed to register or vote and the operators did the rest.

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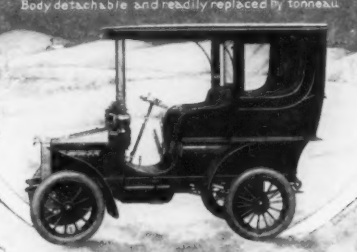
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